

The Daily Mirror

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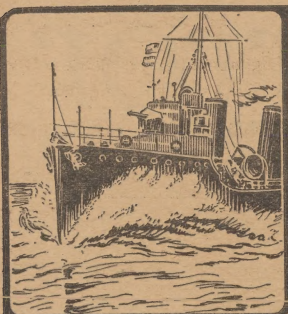
One Halfpenny.

SIR E. CORNWALL'S DRAMATIC SURPRISE IN COAL STRIKE: STUDENTS AS LOADERS.



Because he considers it wrong to hold up London's coal supply in the severest weather we have had for years for the sake of a penny a ton, Sir Edwin Cornwall, head of the great firm bearing his name, is to grant the strikers' demands. He has also, it was announced, resigned his membership of the Coal Merchants' Society, and his

action will probably have a far-reaching effect on the situation. The humorous side of the dispute was seen yesterday, when medical students from the Middlesex left their studies and fetched supplies for their hospital. They are seen hard at work, one of them in spats. The portrait is of Sir Edwin.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



**DESTROYER
"SAVAGE" TRIBAL CLASS.**

THE FOC'S'LE OF A DESTROYER
OF THE "TRIBAL" CLASS.

This class was the first of
the 'ocean going' destroyers,
and for this reason the foc's'le
is built very high to prevent
the bow wave from washing
down the decks. The fore bridge
which stands just abaft the
foremost 4 inch gun is also
built high for the same reason.

PLAYER'S Navy Cut Cigarettes

MEDIUM STRENGTH

10 for 3^d 20 for 5½^d

Perfectly made from the
choicest growths of
Old Virginia Tobacco.



P565

STONE'S GINGER

In Bottle of all Grocers and
Wine Merchants, and on
draught at all Bars.

WINE

—YOUR Baby will thrive on—

Neave's Food

OLDEST, CHEAPEST, and STILL THE BEST.

A Mother's Testimony: Mrs. J. KAIN, 6, Rockingham Road, Doncaster, writes: "Dr. — ADVISED ME TO GIVE MY TWIN BOYS OF SIX WEEKS OLD YOUR NEAVE'S FOOD. I have reason to be grateful to my Doctor for his advice, because I have never lost a night's rest with any of my children, and they have cut their teeth without any trouble. Your food also does away with all need of medicine and castor oil." —22nd August, 1912.

Sir Chas. A. Cameron, C.B., M.D., Medical Officer of Health and Analyst for Dublin, writes: "An excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of infants . . . and being rich in phosphates and loush, is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food." *British Medical Journal*: "Well adapted for the use of children and aged people, much used by nurses nursing and by invalids."

Has for many years been used in the Russian Imperial Family.

NEARLY 50 YEARS' REPUTATION. GOLD MEDALS, LONDON 1900 and 1906, also PARIS.

SOLD EVERYWHERE IN TINS AND 4d. PACKETS.

Useful Booklet, "Hints about Baby," by a Trained Nurse, sent free. Sample for 2d. postage—mention *Daily Mirror*. —JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., Fordingbridge



Just what your skin needs, this weather

—and you can PROVE IT by
writing for the FREE SAMPLE
offered below.

A single application of Icilma
Cream relieves cracked lips
and soothes the wind-burned
skin—and if regularly used
before going outdoors and on
returning, the complexion will
not be affected by any weather,
but will retain its softness,
smoothness and natural bloom.

Useful as Icilma Cream is at all times, it will be found particularly valuable now in preserving and restoring complexion beauty, in relieving skin irritation caused by cold and wind and in keeping the hands soft and smooth. And it is just as dainty as it is useful. It is not sticky, greasy or messy, but foamy, snowy-white and fragrant—pleasant to look at—pleasant to handle—pleasant to smell. It is non-greasy, will not soil clothes or furs, needs no powder and leaves no shine on the face. Icilma Cream is different from all other creams, and gives better results, because it contains Icilma Natural Water. No other Cream in the world contains this water.

Icilma Cream

GUARANTEED NOT TO GROW HAIR.

1/- and 1/9 per pot everywhere.
Icilma is pronounced Eye-Silma.

TEST IT FREE. A dainty sample, together with a wonderful Book on Beauty (telling all you need to know about the care of the skin, hair, teeth, &c.), will be sent to any address on receipt of a postcard. Icilma Company, Ltd. (Dept. B), 39, King's Rd., St. Pancras, London, N.W.

DRAMATIC BLOW IN COAL STRIKE.

Sir E. Cornwall Secedes from
Fellow-Merchants.

WILL PAY THE PENNY

"Firm Will Not Deprive London
Public of Its Coal."

There was a dramatic and surprising new development last night. Sir Edwin Cornwall, head of the firm of coal merchants bearing his name, suddenly resigned his membership of the Coal Merchants' Society.

Sir Edwin Cornwall agreed to pay his men the extra penny a ton asked for by the strikers.

The reason for this step was given to *The Daily Mirror* last night by Mr. Frank W. Cooper, Sir Edwin's manager.

Sir Edwin considered it wrong and ridiculous, he said, that the whole coal trade and supply of London should be held up in the severest weather we have had for years for the sake of a penny a ton.

The firm employs 500 men and has twenty depots. If official permission is given the men will resume work to-day.

Mr. Joe Hopkin, the secretary of the Coal Porters' Union, last night said Sir Edwin Cornwall's offer would be sympathetically considered. He added:—

Statements that the men will resume work at Cornwall's to-morrow are quite premature. We warmly welcome the offer.

We have heard of other merchants of lesser standing who are willing to concede all our demands, but we have decided to stand together and fight one another's battles. Not a man will return to work to-morrow.

Three thousand members of the National Union of Vehicle Workers yesterday joined the ranks of the 10,000 coal porters and carmen on strike, thus bringing up the total number of men now idle to 13,000. The executive passed a resolution to fight jointly with the coal porters. (Photographs on page 1.)

ELECTRIC AND GAS RIVALS.

Sir Edwin Cornwall left London yesterday, but Mr. Frank W. Cooper, the manager of the firm, and Mr. R. E. Cornwall, Sir Edwin's son, last night explained to *The Daily Mirror* why their firm had seceded from the masters' society. "Sir Edwin Cornwall's point to the members of the Coal Merchants' Society," he said, "has all along been that if this strike was allowed to last for any lengthy period it would permanently injure the whole coal trade of London."

It would encourage people to use gas stoves and electric radiators, etc., even though they might prefer an open coal fire.

We do not consider it right and reasonable that London's coal trade should be held up at a time like the present for the sake of a penny a ton.

Having conceded the demand of the Coal Porters' Union we have asked them to officially recognise the return of our men—they number about 500.

If our men are allowed to restart, the other members of the Coal Merchants' Society are not likely to hold out and watch us doing business, and may be expected to concede to the men's demands.

If our men are not permitted to resume to-morrow morning and the merchants hold out, the strike may go for quite a long time—a period very disastrous to the interests of the public and merchants alike.

We deny emphatically (went on Mr. Cooper) the existence of a "coal ring," among merchants for the purpose of controlling the selling price of coal.

Both Mr. Cooper and Mr. Cornwall admitted that if the strike ends and the employers are defeated there would certainly be a further rise in coal prices, but such increase was not likely to exceed 1s. a ton.

NO PERMITS FOR HOSPITALS.

A startling development yesterday was the decision of the Coal Porters' Union not to allow hospitals to be supplied with coal.

To give permission at present, the strikers argue, would be to weaken their position.

When two men seeking permits of Mr. Hopkin, secretary of the Coal Porters' Union, yesterday were told that permits would not be granted to anybody, one of the men asked: "None of the hospitals?"

None, replied the secretary.

A third man, who came from Pimlico, intervened. "Why, it is illegal murder," he exclaimed.

"War is declared," said the secretary solemnly. "It is murder for the masters to keep our men out."

Contingents of the Irish and Grenadier Guards from Wellington Barracks were loading and carting coal away from the Somers Town depot yesterday.

A number of students from one of the hospitals visited a depot in a taxicab, and helped to load a motor-wagon.

LONDON'S COLDEST MORNING.

The coldest night and the coldest morning of the winter! This was London's verdict on the weather yesterday.

During the night there had been a drop in the temperature of 11deg., and in the morning the thermometer was down to 20deg. 12deg. of frost.

The temperature yesterday at 9 a.m. was 30deg. At 2 p.m. it was 37deg., at 6 p.m. 36deg., and at 11 p.m. 35deg. The minimum temperature was 47deg. and the minimum 27deg.

At 1 a.m. to-day the thermometer stood at 33deg.

SOLDIERS ACT AS COALHEAVERS.



Among the people who acted as coal-heavers yesterday were soldiers, who are seen loading fuel for conveyance to Albany-street Barracks.

NAVAL OFFICERS FUNERAL AT PLYMOUTH.



The funeral of Commander Hamilton-Gordon, cousin of Lord Aberdeen, who was found dead in his cabin on H.M.S. Thrasher after taking part in the salvaging of the A7, took place at Plymouth yesterday. The pictures show bluejackets drawing the gun-carriage and naval men carrying wreaths. (*Daily Mirror* and Topical.)

LADY TOWN HEND'S SISTER WEDS TO-DAY.



Miss Marjorie Sutherst, sister of the Marchioness Townshend, and Captain Francis Waldron, of the 19th Hussars and the Royal Flying Corps, who are to be married to-day at the Rosary Church, Marylebone-road, London.

BOAT TRAIN WRECKED IN COLLISION.

Englishmen Avert Second Disaster
by Rush to Signals.

WOMEN UNDER COACH.

Steel-Framed Carriages That Did
Not Telescope.

Steel-framed carriages alone appear to have saved many English passengers from injury yesterday when the Engadine express dashed into some runaway goods wagons near Marquise, some ten miles from Calais.

So great was the force of impact that a restaurant-car of the express was telescoped, but the other coaches were almost undamaged, owing, it is stated, to the fact that they are built on steel frames. Passengers thus had a remarkable escape.

A second collision was only narrowly averted by the presence of mind of two English passengers. The Engadine express was closely followed by the 9.50 a.m. train from Paris to Calais. When the smash occurred two Englishmen ran to a signal-box and had the signals placed against the train. (Photographs on pages 8 and 9.)

CRASHED INTO STONE TRUCKS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Jan. 23.—The Engadine express, one of the fastest express trains running in connection with the Calais-Dover passenger service, was partly derailed in a collision to-day with some runaway trucks.

Between Marquise and Rinxent, ten miles from Calais, a number of wagons of a goods train broke away, and rushing down a steep gradient crashed into the boat express.

The restaurant-car was telescoped, but no one on the express was seriously injured.

One man on the stone train lost his life.

The 9.50 express train from Paris was following the Engadine express closely at the time.

There were no passengers in the wrecked restaurant car. The other carriages of the express withstood the shock of the collision well, and this is stated to be due to the carriages being almost entirely built of steel.

The front coaches of the express left the line and, according to an official statement issued later at the Gare du Nord, one man was killed.

ENGLISH CHAPLAIN'S STORY.

How women escaped was told to *The Daily Mirror* last night by the Rev. F. Smithwick, Army chaplain at Woking Barracks, who said it was a miracle that more lives were not lost.

"The train was travelling at a good speed, when suddenly there was a tremendous shock and the carriages rocked violently, many of the windows being smashed. I was cut on the hand by one of the pieces of flying glass.

"The first coach of our train was telescoped.

Under the wreckage, some time afterwards, were found two ladies and a young girl, apparently about ten or twelve years of age. By a miracle they were not dead. They were not even seriously injured. How they escaped nobody can tell.

All the carriages were packed with passengers, but there was no panic of any kind."

Mr. C. P. Blicher, who was returning from a holiday on the Continent to Eton, and who was in a train following the one to which the accident occurred, told *The Daily Mirror* that there was almost second smash on the top of the first.

"Coming up in the train from Dover a passenger told me that the further disaster was averted by the presence of mind of two Englishmen, who, after the smash, ran back to a signal-box and had the signals placed against a train following.

BURIED UNDER TWO CARRIAGES.

I saw the legs of one man hanging out of a carriage window near the engine of our train. There were two carriages on top of him.

This statement was made to *The Daily Mirror* last night by Mr. Van Pugsley, a cattle dealer, of Kansas City, U.S.A., who was a passenger on the 9.50 a.m. boat train yesterday.

"The train left Paris ten minutes late," he continued, "and carried a fair number of passengers of several nationalities.

"The engine and first three coaches left the rails and the force of the collision was such that the three front Pullman cars were ... and the wreckage of ... coaches heaped on to the tender and the first coach."

"The pile was about 20ft. high, I should think.

"I and a friend were travelling in a compartment of the sixth coach, and but for the fact that extra Pullman sleeping-cars—returning back to Calais empty—were attached at Paris we should either have been injured or killed."

"Girls were climbing out of the fourth coach, and the luggage, which was placed in a special van next the engine, was all thrown out to the line."

THE WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for the week-end is:—Light or moderate easterly and south-easterly breezes; misty to fine; very keen frost.

	Sat.	Sun.
Lighting-up time	5.32 p.m.	5.34 p.m.
High-water at London Bridge	12.48 p.m.	1.40 p.m.

LONDON OBSERVATIONS, Holborn Circus, City, 6 p.m.: Barometer, 30.22in., steady; temperature, 56°; wind, S.W. light; weather, fine and frost.

Channel passages will be moderate in the south; smooth in the east and rough in the west.

COMEDIAN'S 'STAR' TURN IN COURT.

Mr. George Mozart Shows How Actors Express Surprise.

MR. WILL EVANS SUED.

An entertaining illustration of the difference between stage effect and that obtained on the film by Mr. George Mozart, the comedian, greatly amused Mr. Justice Baillhache's court yesterday. Mr. Mozart gave evidence in the action brought by the London Theatre of Varieties against Mr. Will Evans for alleged breach of an agreement. Plaintiffs asked for an injunction restraining Mr. Evans from giving a "colourable imitation" of his sketches, which included "Whitewashing a Ceiling," "Building a Chicken House," and "Harnassing a Horse."

Opening the case for the plaintiff, Mr. Schiller, K.C., said the agreement forbade the defendant from giving any imitation or version of his performances at other places of entertainment within a certain radius and period of time.

Last year it was discovered that the sketches were being shown at several picture palaces, but Mr. Evans, in an affidavit, contended that the pic-



MR. WILL EVANS.

MR. GEORGE MOZART.

ture palaces advertised his performance to the benefit of the music-halls.

Mr. Evans, counsel added, had agreed to give his exclusive services to the company and to perform four times every night at a salary of £80 a week.

Mr. Walter de Frece, managing director of the Variety Theatres Company, said that he regarded the effect of cinematograph performances as almost, if not quite, as good as that of performances in the flesh.

Cross-examined, he denied that his wife, Miss Vespa Tilley, had been represented on the cinematograph. She knew nothing about such a thing. Mr. Will Evans was then called.

He said he had had thirty years' experience on the halls, and was now appearing in the Drury Lane pantomime.

He considered that he was now doing no more than he had done all his life—viz., advertising himself for the benefit of his employers.

The witness then described his sketch, "Harnassing a Horse."

Counsel: Is it a well-built horse?

Mr. Evans: Two men. (Laughter.)

Mr. Evans went on to say that people who had never been to music-halls went to cinematograph performances, and by seeing the representations there were induced to go to the halls.

Cross-examined by Mr. Schiller, Mr. Evans agreed that roars of laughter were produced by a piece of silent acting in one of his sketches when he sat down and ate a bit of cheese.

Mr. George Mozart, the comedian, said that he thought that it was to the advantage of a music-hall artist's stage performance if the artist were filmed.

He proceeded to give the Court an illustration of the difference of effects on stage and film.

First of all he produced a stage "look of surprise," accompanying it with "Oh!"

Then he gave the same look of surprise as it appeared on the film without the "Oh!"

Mr. Arthur Roberts also gave evidence. Seeing an actor on the film, people would like to see him in the flesh. A cinema representation without the stage effect was like mustard without beef.

The hearing was adjourned until to-day. (Photographs on page 9.)

LORD STRATHCONA'S BURIAL.

There will be ten pall-bearers, all actively associated with Canadian interests during the life of the late High Commissioner, at the funeral of Lord Strathcona on Monday.

They will include Lord Lansdowne and Lord Aberdeen, who have both served as Governor-General of Canada, and the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Harcourt. After a service at Westminster Abbey the interment will take place at Highgate.

DARING WINDOW RAID.

Gold Rings Worth £226 Stolen When Many People Were Passing.

Though many people were passing at the time, a daring robbery of some thirty-five gold rings from the shop window of Mr. W. R. Jay, jeweller, of Essex-road, N., near Canonbury Station, was committed last night, the thieves getting clear away with their booty, valued at £226.

The manager of the shop gave *The Daily Mirror* a few details of the robbery.

"At 5.30 p.m. I left the shop to go for some tea," he said, "and at that hour there were only three customers in the building."

"My assistant heard a smashing of glass, and rushing out he was just in time to see several men rushing down Ockenden-road. They turned down a side street, and although the chase was taken up disappeared."

"Returning, my assistant found a brick, encased in cement, lying at the bottom of the window. Thirty-five gold rings were missing."

In their hurry to escape the burglars dropped a couple of rings, one valued at about £35 and another valued at about £60.

(Photograph on page 8.)

£2,000 A YEAR FROM WIFE

Admiral's Unhappy Daughter Obtains Judicial Separation from Her Husband.

A wealthy wife, who settled £2,000 a year on her husband, with power to reduce the amount to £1,000 if she thought proper, asked for a judicial separation before Mr. Justice Horridge yesterday.

She is the daughter of Admiral Molynieux, Her husband, Mr. J. W. M. McCowen, was formerly a naval officer.

The marriage took place in 1907, but, according to Mr. Barnard, K.C., petitioner's counsel, the marriage was not a happy one.

The respondent was a man of violent temper, and frequently assaulted his wife and called her bad names.

There were a great number of charges of cruelty. He mentioned some of them:—

On November 27, 1912, he struck his wife violently on the nose with his fist, raised hold of a scarf she was wearing and, twisting it round her neck, nearly strangled her.

On January 15, 1913, the respondent dragged his wife out of the dining-room and threatened to give her one of the worst whippings she had ever had in her life.

The petitioner left next day, and filed her petition soon afterwards.

Mrs. McCowen, who did not press for costs, was granted a decree of judicial separation.

ATTACK ON CROWN PRINCE.

BERLIN, Jan. 23.—A debate on the Zabern affair and the Strassburg courts-martial began in the Reichstag to-day.

Dr. Frank (Socialist) said that, assuming the Prince's telegrams, as reported in the Press, were correct, it was insupportable interference, "because it stirs up the people, and makes them see that if the future Emperor interferes in public affairs in such a manner they must take their destinies into their own hands."

Herr Ledebour (Socialist) said that the prince's sentimental mournfulness of his farewell to the Hussars was reminiscent of a girl's school—Reuter.

A supposed madman attempted (says a Central News Berlin message) to assault the Crown Prince yesterday, but was arrested.

SQUANDERED £25,000.

How a young man squandered £25,000 in less than two years was told yesterday in the London Bankruptcy Court. In February, 1912, Mr. Nugent Pashley Peacock inherited his father's fortune. Now his unsecured debts were £2,221, and his net assets £373.

When he came into the money he paid off £3,500 of debts and, starting a betting business, about which he knew nothing, lost about £7,000.

"Is it possible," asked the assistant official receiver, "that your household and personal expenses since February, 1912, can have amounted to £14,162?" Witness said that was his estimate.

As breach of promise damages Miss Alice Weaver, of Burnley, was awarded £30 at Preston yesterday, against Mr. J. T. Gray, a clerk, to whom she had been engaged for fifteen years.

ESCAPED WHEN LED OUT TO BE SHOT.

Story of Death Sentence for a Borneo Bearded.

BALKAN WAR CLAIM.

An amazing story of an ex-Army officer who, whilst in the Balkans as a special correspondent to take war pictures, was ordered to be executed, but luckily escaped by an "arrangement" with his escort, was told yesterday before Mr. Justice Darling.

The officer in question, Captain Thomas Sarll, of Erskine Hill, Hampstead, sued Pathe Freres Cinema, Ltd., for salary due.

The order for his execution, according to his evidence in the witness-box, was in the best comic opera vein. A long-bearded officer, who seized his films, set fire to them, with the result that a huge flame shot up and burned off the officer's beard and eyebrows. Thereupon Captain Sarll was ordered to be led out and shot.

The jury, after an absence of forty minutes, disagreed, and were discharged.

CAMERA THAT "DREW FIRE."

The main claim, said Mr. Herbert Jacobs, for the plaintiff, was for £120 arrears of salary earned from September 28, 1912, to December 20.

In April, 1912, counsel continued, the plaintiff was engaged on the staff of "Patriot Gazette," at a salary of £2 15s. a week, and remained there till September 28, 1912.

Then there were rumours of war, and the managing director of the firm sent him and asked him if he would go to the Balkans to get war pictures.

Terms were then agreed upon as follows:—

The plaintiff was to receive an additional £10 per week, the existing £2 15s. to be paid direct to his wife; his life was to be insured for £1,000, and all the necessary disbursements, estimated at £50 per week, were to be paid. The plaintiff was also told that he was to have no expense to get ahead of all other correspondents.

"I believe that on one occasion he was arrested and ordered to be executed," counsel said. "The



CAPTAIN SARLL.

trouble was that the plaintiff's tripod and camera were mistaken for a Maxim gun."

An exciting and amusing incident, listened to with evident delight by the judge and others in court, was then related by the plaintiff.

One day, he said, he was caught by a Turkish patrol and taken before a little, fat Turkish officer with long eyebrows and a beard.

This officer told him that he had orders to shoot any correspondent who broke his parole, and asked what he (plaintiff) had been doing. Witness said that he had been taking pictures, and he was then told that they would be destroyed.

The officer produced a box of matches and applied a light to the film. Immediately a flame 20ft. high darted up which set fire to the tent.

So enraged was the officer when he found that the flame had burned off his beard and eyebrows and rendered him bald that he ordered witness's immediate execution.

The officer was not in a fit state to see the execution carried out, he writes to hear the report of the rifles. Witness was led away by an escort, but with the aid of an "arrangement" made with the escort (laughter) he was enabled to escape.

A volley was fired down the valley so that the officer might think that he was being shot. They had already dug his grave. (Laughter.)

200,000 MEN TO BE IDLE?

Lock-Out and Strike Imminent in Building Trade—Fateful Day.

One of the most serious general strikes on record in London is threatened next week.

Over 200,000 men, engaged in various trades and occupations, may cease work.

This colossal strike, labour experts state, will be inevitably brought about by the lock-out in the London building trade, which takes effect at noon to-day.

A week ago the London Master Builders' Association decided that the men would be dismissed to-day at noon unless they signed the following undertaking:—

To work peacefully with their fellow employees, whether they are members of a trade union or not; and, in any breach of the agreement, they would be subject to a fine of 20s.

Unless there is an eleventh-hour agreement 50,000 men will be locked out at twelve o'clock to-day.

The men concerned are:—

Carpenters. Builders' labourers.

Joiners. Plasterers.

Stone-masons.

"All the men in the building trade, whether they belong to our union or not, refuse to sign this agreement," one of the men's officials told *The Daily Mirror*.

By next week 150,000 men will be affected, and these numbers during the course of the week may be increased to 200,000.

REAL FREE FOODERS.

Young Men Who Save Money for Foreign Trips by Abusing Hospitality.

"Young men in the smart set belonging to a sort of bachelors' secret society which has been named the Free Food Brigade boast among themselves that their meals cost them no more, on the average, than 6s. a week," said "Cecil Mar," the well-known author and hostess, to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"They have the choicest taste in dishes and wines. Their luncheon, brought up in a good social circle, and often have ample private means. But they want all their money for their trips abroad and other pleasures."

"Some of them are being marked down, and the symbol 'F.F.B.' is applied to them by hostesses."

"Most hostesses have an 'evening,' or at any rate one dinner-party, a week. An 'F.F.B.' turns up, an unwanted guest, at the last moment, and is asked to dine."

"Of course, this cannot be done often by the same man. At their weekly meetings they report to each other, and if A has been too much at a particular house, B is deputed to supersede him."

CHILDREN'S FEROCIOUS JEALOUSY.

PARIS, Jan. 23.—A terrible story of jealousy on the part of two children is told in the newspapers this morning.

Angry at the kindness and affection lavished on their little sister, a baby of eighteen months, two Le Mans children, aged respectively three and four, poured a quantity of red-hot coals inside its clothes, inflicting appalling injuries on the infant.

The poor child is not expected to recover.—Reuter.

GIRL WHO ENJOYED HERSELF.

She made expensive presents, dressed well, wore good jewellery, and when they went to London together they drove about in taxicabs the whole time.

This was the statement of a witness at Birmingham yesterday in a case in which Edith Overton, a cashier, was accused of stealing money from her employer; and Horace Edwards, works manager, with having received £25 of the money.

Edwards admitted in the witness-box that towards a trip to Ilandunio the girl provided £2, and that while he was at Rhyll he sent him 15s. He thought she had private means.

Edwards was discharged and the girl committed for trial on bail.

HIS FIFTH WIFE.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

MARLBOROUGH, Jan. 23.—A couple of old-age pensioners, whose combined ages amount to 150 years, have been married at Marlborough, Wilts.

The bridegroom, Andrew Goodship, had previously been married four times, and Ann Middleton, who thus becomes his fifth wife, had been married twice before.

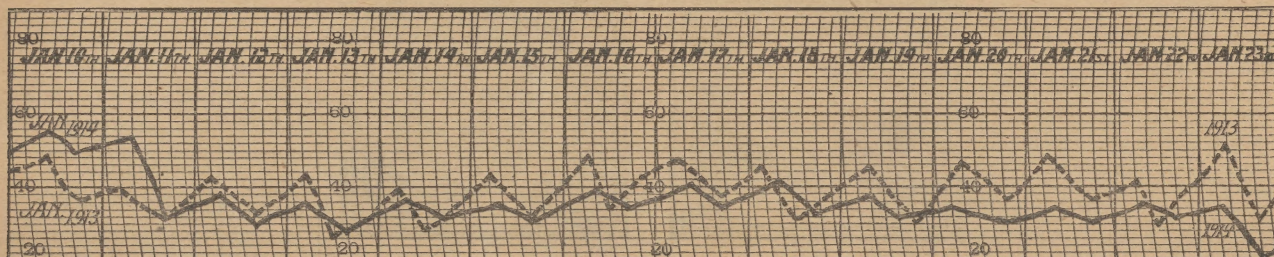


Chart showing the difference in temperature during the Januarys of 1913 and 1914. Though this month began its career with some exceptionally mild

weather for the season, it suddenly changed its mind and there was a huge drop on the eleventh. The thick line is for 1914, the dotted one for 1913.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP



M. Pierre Loti.

A French Genius.

M. Pierre Loti, who has become a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, although one of the most distinguished of living French writers, is very difficult to draw on the subject of literature. Some years ago M. Gaston Lemaire organised a symposium on the tendencies of contemporary literature, and invited a contribution from M. Loti. The reply he received was unexpected. "I am sorry to say," wrote M. Loti, "that I cannot help you in any way. I have always held a decided opinion that the less people trouble themselves about literature, the better it is for them." M. Loti, by the way, has a curious hobby. He collects mummies, of which he has quite a large number in his beautiful house at Rochefort. One of them is that of a young princess, while another—that of a little girl—occupies a prominent place in his study.

Nightmares.

The most popular and fashionable topic for dinner-table conversations at the present time in the smart world is—nightmares! Nightmare experiences are, in fact, enjoying a considerable vogue. They are much more exciting than travellers' tales, and a really good nightmare takes a lot of beating if it is well told. Guests now vie with each other in relating the most horrific or bizarre experience.

Like Futurist Literature.

Some nightmares are extraordinarily vivid and near to life, and would furnish excellent plots for sensational novels. One or two that I heard of other night might have been imagined and conceived by Mr. Arnold Bennett as the basis for one of his inimitable phantasies. Others sounded like futurist literature. Stevenson, of course, dreamed the strange story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. And parts of several of his other stories came to him in dreams.

Lord Dunsany, Dramatist.

Lord Dunsany now makes a very definite appeal as a dramatist. "Five Plays" is the title of his new volume, to be published by Mr. Grant Richards. It will contain "The Gods of the Mountain," "The Golden Doom," "King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior," "The Glittering Gate" and "The Lost Silk Hat."

Telegraphic Authority.

Does cable laying run in families? Apparently it does. Mr. Charles Bright, the youngest son of the late Sir Charles Tilson Bright, who laid the first Atlantic cable at the age of twenty-six,



Mr. Charles Bright.

has in his time helped in the construction of 15,000 miles of cable and land telegraphs. Mr. Bright has an exceedingly informative article on Super-Imperial Telegraphy in the current number of the "Quarterly Review," which will interest many.

The Green-Haired Women.

The women with the green hair turned up as promised at the Three Arts Ball, but after the first shock of surprise their success was not conspicuous. The most bizarre figure in the ballroom was Miss Ethel Levey in a remarkable Bakst costume.

Re-Enter the Belle.

No one got more applause amongst the theatrical memories than Miss Edna May. "The Belle of New York" was the Belle of the Ball. "No, I'm quite happy. I shall never go on the stage again," she said during the evening.

Contrasts.

Lady Drogheda was there with her usual set, and looked very striking in a black and tango-coloured "Futurist" gown. As a contrast, we had Miss Sari Pettrass, a veritable shepherdess in porcelain china.

Three Graces.

The Three Arts—Music, Painting, and Drama—were represented by three beauties, Alice Crawford, Lydia Bilbrooke and Gladys Cooper. Miss Crawford looks more beautiful every day.

Fairies and Stout.

The success of the Tavern supper was unquestioned, but those who have a romantic attachment to illusions were perhaps a little shocked to see a rose-bloom—butterfly-winged sort of fairy drinking stout with the enthusiasm of a charwoman. As a friend said: "A woman ought to wait until one has married her before she does things like that."

Kitchen Suppers.

The present craze for the "Beer-ham-and-eggs" or "Beer-sausages-and-mash" suppers looks like continuing. At the Three Arts Ball it was one of the features of the entertainment. The idea is no new one, of course, to bachelors. At the Walsingham Club some years ago these suppers were a great institution. They were held in a room known as the Old Kitchen, a room built exactly like an old kitchen.

In Shirt Sleeves.

It was the acme of bad form to sit down to these suppers in a coat; also, the transgressor was fined "half a pint" all round. Arthur Roberts, Arthur Playfair, George Grossmith, jun., George Graves, and many others "carved" their names on the ceiling. The carving was done by the simple expedient of holding a candle up to the white ceiling, and writing name or initials in the smoke.

"Honeyed Sweetness."

I asked the musical conductor at one of the West End restaurants which item in the programme was generally the most popular, and he said, "Tales of Hoffmann."

Twins.

The Dean of Hereford (Dr. J. W. Leigh) spent his seventy-sixth birthday with his twin sister, the Hon. Mrs. Leveson-Gower, at her home in Surrey.

Nail Up the Windows.

The long spell of cold weather has suggested to someone that we should follow the German custom of nailing the windows up for the winter. But what would the fresh-air purists say?

On the Menu.

A wealthy man who, in spite of his fortune, was still somewhat illiterate, entered a fashionable restaurant in New York and, pointing to "Un peu d'amour" on the menu, said: "Waiter, bring me some of this first." "Very sorry, sir," came the waiter's reply, "the orchestra is playing it now."

G. N.'s Engagement.

G. N. Foster, one of the famous brotherhood, is engaged to Miss Vera Prest, of Beckenham. "G. N." played cricket for Oxford for four years, but never captained the side. He captained the 'Varsity at "Soccer," however, and was a half-back up to international form. Like all the brotherhood, he was a grand racquet player, and could jump right into form with three days' practice. He was secretary to "Ranji" for a time, and went to India with his Highness.

Playing Barnes.

A rather good story is told of a young cricketer who played Barnes for the first time. It was in one of the minor championship matches, and Barnes was getting wickets at, apparently, his own sweet will. "The boy" got a yorker first ball, made no stroke at it, and was bowled all over the place. When he came into the pavilion an old gentleman said to him, very angrily, "You made no attempt to play that ball! Why?" "Well, sir," said the unhappy youth, "from what I saw of the way the others tried, I thought my best chance was not to."

Ties from the Wood.

I learn that not only can one obtain "wines from the wood," but ties and wraps also, only in a slightly different sense. By a very clever process, which is of very recent discovery, wonderful imitation silk ties, scarves and wraps can be manufactured from the white wood of the willow.

Anglo-German Marriages.

People in Germany, I hear, are commenting on the large number of Anglo-German marriages that are taking place. The German fraulein finds the Englishman stationed in the Fatherland irresistible. Perhaps orange blossoms may do more towards an Anglo-German entente than twenty missions.

The Vacuum Flask.

Sir James Dewar, who has been celebrating the coming of age of the vacuum flask at the Royal Institution, was the inventor of the flask. He was the first to obtain liquid and solid hydrogen, and the vacuum flask was first used to hold liquid air. Had Sir James been a business man instead of a scientific professor, he would have patented the flask and made a fortune. Lots of people have made fortunes out of the invention.

The Vacuum.

The word vacuum has sometimes been misconstrued. It was Mr. Schubert, the American impresario, who once remarked: "That man Vacuum must have made a fortune out of his cleaner."

Famous Authors' Reception.

More than twenty famous authors are holding a reception at the Caxton Hall on Tuesday afternoon, February 3. They are giving ten-minute readings from their own works, and autographing their books for sale by auction. The auctioneer is to be a well-known popular actor. The list of celebrities on the platform is to include, amongst others, Cicely Hamilton, Beatrice Harraden, Elizabeth Robins, Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, G. R. Sims and Eden Phillpotts. The cakes for the tea have been made by literary celebrities, such as Mrs. Flora Annie Steel.

Snakes as Stage Mascots.

I quite believe there is no profession in which the power of mascots is more relied on than that of the stage. I know scores of actors and actresses who wouldn't be without their charm or mascot for worlds. In several instances girls who look as though they would scream at the sight of a mouse keep a pet snake, while others pin their faith to the lucky horseshoe, some stone or some article of wearing apparel, yellow in colour.

A Popular Hostess.

There is no more delightful hostess in society than Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, who is staying with the King and Queen at Windsor Castle. When Mr. Arthur Sassoon was alive the late King Edward was a regular visitor to his Scotch shooting-box, Tulchan Lodge, and some of the happiest times of his Majesty were spent there.

Delighted Dublin.

A child actress who has been making a conspicuous success in Dublin is little Miss Elsie Prince. Quite recently Lord Aberdeen witnessed her performance, and was so delighted that he asked her into his box. Lord Aberdeen led the little lady to the front of the box, much to the delight of the audience, who gave her quite a royal reception.

THE RAMBLER.

Miss Elsie Prince.

GREEN BEETLE SEARCH.

Police Seeking for Young Man Who Met Officer at Liverpool.

Despite the utmost efforts of the police, the "green beetle" murder mystery still remained unsolved yesterday.

It is now regarded as almost certain that Kent Reeks, the young ship's engineer who was found shot dead in a disused pit at Ettingshall on Tuesday, was murdered, the following facts being destructive of the theory of suicide.

Before his death Reeks was known to have possessed £100 in American notes which he kept in a wallet. Neither money nor wallet has been found.

No signs of anything were found on Reeks' face—suggesting that the shot must have been fired from a distance. Two bullets and a fragment of a third were found in the brain. Could a man, taking his own life, have fired a second and third shot when his brain had already been pierced?

A curious piece of evidence in the case—which suggests an Edgar Allan Poe story—is the green beetle tiffin, which was found some distance from Reeks' body, and which, apparently, had been torn off in a struggle.

The police attach little importance to the story of the emigrant who booked a passage on Tuesday night from Wolverhampton to Newfoundland, and are trying to trace the man with whom Reeks became acquainted in Liverpool.

Yesterday the Chief Constable of Staffordshire issued a statement that the police were anxious to hear from anyone who was expecting the arrival of the young man from Liverpool.

THE IDLE RICH.

Tattered People Who Get Money Without the Slightest Effort.

London just now seems full of professional beggars; in the West End and in the City they exist almost at every street corner.

While outwardly these parasites are men of rags, actually they are often men of substance. During this cold weather the mendicant flourishes, for people give more freely. And some of them must make money, for the London Mendicancy Society calculates that over £100,000 is given away to beggars every year.

At the Thames-Police Court Hesson Yoldiski, a Russian, aged thirty-five, who was charged on remand with begging, had upwards of £9 in his possession when arrested.

When before the Court Yoldiski coolly asked the magistrate to allow him a maintenance order of 18s. a week!

He was ordered to be deported.

"The streets of London are not paved with gold, but they never disappoint the beggar," remarked a detective to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"Many in the 'profession' make really excellent incomes, and in private life are quite nuts of suburbia."

"It is no exaggeration to say that the average beggar fully acquiesces with the tricks and wiles of his art, earns more than the average man."

Miss Katharine Cow, of Sydenham (Kent), who died, aged 103, has left estate of £5,165.

CALL OF THE WILD (BEAST)

Man Who Can Deceive Animals by Imitating Their Cries.

In the middle of a field at a Finchley farm, a man, wearing a top-hat and frock-coat, stood yesterday and imitated the lowing of a cow. Immediately from all parts of the field cows ran towards him.

So realistic, in fact, was the lowing that the cows went right up to him and even followed him round the field.

The author of this deception was Mr. Carl Lynn, the artist who has made the imitating of animals a life study.

In the presence of *The Daily Mirror* Mr. Carl Lynn gave a further demonstration of his novel accomplishment by grunting to some pigs. On hearing his voice the pigs at once scampered out of the sty and gathered round him.

"I have been imitating animals since childhood," Mr. Lynn told *The Daily Mirror*, "and there are very few whose calls I have not mastered. I once joined a circus in order to learn the cries of animals, and one time when I was imitating the growl of a lion before one of the species the animal broke out of its cage."

On another occasion I was playing golf with a friend in the Isle of Man, when I noticed that there were some crows near the golf course.

"I made the sound of lowing, and the cows all ran on to the course just as my friend was about to make a stroke. He was so frightened that he dropped his club."

(Photographs on page 16.)

MITTENS FOR MEN.

Revival of "Grandmother's Comforters" for Wear with Evening Dress.

"Middle-aged men must wear mittens when in evening dress—if they wish to be correct!"

That is the latest edict of fashion, which men of fifty and sixty may have to obey, if the example of a few theatre-goes is followed.

A correspondent, in a letter to *The Daily Mirror*, calls attention to this quaint revival of the mitten.

"Many elderly people are, of course, wearing mittens just now owing to the cold weather," he writes, "but I have noticed several men, however, by no means old, wearing these 'grandmother's comforters' out of doors."

"At a West End theatre this week I came across a remarkable instance of the mitten revival. Halfway through the performance a man, about fifty years of age, took a seat in the stalls."

"He slowly removed his overcoat, and I noticed, as he read his programme, that he was wearing black mittens of a fine woolen material."

"They covered the fingers of his hands up to the middle joint, and, as he dined with a monocle, the effect was certainly rather pleasing."

A London hostess told *The Daily Mirror* that during the last few weeks there had been quite a large demand for mittens.

On page 11—Child's Bazaar for Hospital, Our Children's Saturday Corner, To-day's Bride and Her Dress, Weekly Toilet Talk, Kitchen Medicine, and Fruit Omelette.

THE LONDON CITY & MIDLAND BANK

LIMITED.
ESTABLISHED 1856.

Subscribed Capital, £23,875,520 0 0. Paid-up Capital, £4,348,650 0 0.
Reserve Fund, £3,700,000 0 0.

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HEAD OFFICE: 5, THREADNEEDLE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Joint General Managers: J. M. MADDERS, S. B. MURRAY, F. HYDE.

Secretary: E. J. MORRIS.

LIABILITIES AND ASSETS 31st December, 1913.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Capital Paid up, viz. £12 10s. 0d. per Share on 547,392 Shares of £20 each	4,348,650	0	0	By Cash and Bullion in hand and Cash at Bank of England	17,241,278	16	3
Reserve Fund	3,700,000	0	0	Money at Call and at Short Notice	1,946,769	6	1
Dividend payable on 2nd February, 1914	391,378	10	0		29,188,048	2	4
Balance of Profit and Loss Account	147,992	18	8	Investments:			
	8,588,091	8	8	Consols and other British Government Securities	3,246,715	11	3
Current Deposit and other Accounts	95,835,590	4	9	Stocks Guaranteed by British Government, Indian and British Railway Debt and Preference Stocks, British Corporation Stocks, Colonial and Foreign Government Stocks, etc.	4,578,178	8	6
Acceptances on account of Customers	6,162,611	13	10	Bills of Exchange	11,790,640	18	0
					48,805,581	0	1
				Advances on Current Accounts, Loans on Security and other Accounts	51,309,563	10	7
				Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances as per contra	6,162,611	13	10
				Bank Premises at Head Office and Branches	2,508,457	2	9
					£108,584,213	7	3

EDWARD H. HOLDEN, Chairman and Managing Director.
W. G. BRADSHAW, Deputy-Chairman.

PIRRIE, AIRDALE, } Directors.

REPORT OF THE AUDITORS TO THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE LONDON CITY & MIDLAND BANK, LIMITED.

In accordance with the provisions of Sub-section 2 of Section 113 of the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908, we report as follows:—

We have examined the above Balance Sheet in detail with the Books at Head Office and with the certified Returns from the Branches. We have satisfied ourselves as to the correctness of the Cash Balances and the Bills of Exchange and have verified the correctness of the Money at Call and Short Notice. We have also verified the Securities representing the Investments of the Bank, and having obtained all the information and explanations we have required, we are of opinion that such Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Company.

London, 8th January, 1914.

WHINNEY, SMITH & WHINNEY, Chartered Accountants, Auditors.

NUGGET

BOOT POLISHES

NOW SOLD IN 3 SIZES

1d



2d

4 1/2d

"NUGGET" the highest grade of Boot Polishes. is now obtainable from all Bootmakers, Grocers, and Stores, in 1d., 2d., and 4 1/2d. tins. BLACK OR BROWN.

See the word "NUGGET" on tins—Refuse inferior Substitutes.

Did you **NUGGET** your boots this morning?

REMARKABLE NEW CURE FOR GREY OR FADED HAIR.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY BY THE INVENTOR OF "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL."

HOW TO REAWAKEN THE COLOURING FUNCTION OF FADED, GREY, OR EVEN WHITE HAIR.

The Whole of the British Public to Test "Astol" at the Discoverer's Own Expense.

There must be many thousands of the British Public interested in to-day's Press announcements that a cure has been discovered for grey hair.

The fact that the discovery was made by a gentleman already famous the world over as the originator of the remarkably successful "Hair-Drill" method of cultivating a good growth of hair undoubtedly sets the seal of value upon it.

It is not altogether surprising, of course, that the great Royal Hair Specialist who discovered the cure for falling and thinning

man, "too old at forty," who has seen himself superseded by younger-looking men not one whit more active than he, has, with his youthful looks restored by "Astol," once more taken his place in the van of the struggle for superiority.

The Society lady, whose life has been embittered by the loss of that admiration and homage which is her just due, is able once more, young-looking and as charming as ever—thanks to "Astol"—to come out of the obscurity into which her grey-ness had driven her.

A Lady writes:—"I must give my testimony to the wonderful power of 'Astol.' At the age of 30, owing to my greyness, I looked quite 45, and in consequence I found that I was debarr'd from taking active part in the amusement of younger acquaintances. None of the so-called cures availed, and with hair considerably deteriorated I at last decided to give 'Astol' a trial. . . . The complete colour is now restored to my hair, and I am young again."

This letter is not an unusual one; in fact, some of the testimonials which have been received (all unsolicited) give particulars of cures which seem almost miraculous.

If your hair is grey or growing grey, lose no time in taking a course of "Astol."



Four different conditions of Greyness are illustrated above, together with the heads of two people who have restored the colour to their once grey hair by "Astol," the wonderful new discovery made by the inventor of "Harlene" and "Hair-Drill." This latest discovery of the world's greatest hair-specialist is a most remarkable one. It quickly restores the colour to grey and faded hair when everything else has failed. And it can be obtained from any chemist or store for 2s. 9d. or (extra large supply) 4s. 6d. To-day you are given a first opportunity of trying this new discovery free of charge.

hair should also discover the cure for another form of hair-trouble, such as greyness or loss of colour.

A WONDERFUL AND COMPLETELY SUCCESSFUL COLOUR-RESTORING DISCOVERY.

One great reason induced Mr. Edwards to go into this matter.

He found that many ladies and gentlemen (suffering from Greyness as well as Scanty Hair) who had taken up "Hair-Drill," were also using hair dyes and stains in order to colour the luxuriant growth of hair it created.

In every case the use of hair dyes and stains more or less neutralised the action of the Hair-Drill. Its beneficent action in all too many cases was counteracted and rendered of no avail by the deleterious, destructive, weakening, rotting, and injurious effects of these dye preparations, which are always highly injurious to the hair, and often cause it to fall out in handfuls.

It therefore became of the most vital importance that Mr. Edwards should discover a means of meeting the wishes of those ladies and gentlemen who desire to restore their grey, white, or faded hair to its natural colour and youthful, lustrous beauty.

And now Mr. Edwards has done this. He has, that is to say, discovered in "Astol" a cure for Grey Hair, as efficacious as his "Hair-Drill" cure for Baldness.

EVIDENCE!

From all parts of the world is reported wonderful success in the campaign against the ageing effect of greyness, by thousands of ladies and gentlemen who, before using "Astol," had given up hope of ever seeing their hair resume the warm, natural colour of their early years.

Enthusiasm over this amazing cure is noticeable in every class of Society. The

Grey, White or Faded Hair to its natural rich colour.

Indeed he will do more—much more.

To every lady or gentleman troubled with hair that has become grey, faded, or dull and lifeless looking, he will send, without making the slightest charge,

A Complete Hair-Colour Restoring Outfit, with full instructions of the new treatment which completely restores the natural colour to Grey, White, or Faded Hair.

Here for you is a cure ready to hand. All you have to do is to fill up the coupon below and send to Edwards' Harlene Co., 104, High Holborn, London, W.C., together with two penny stamps to cover cost of postage and packing, and a complete Trial Outfit of this great Colour-Restoring Discovery will be sent to you by return.

Further supplies of "Astol" may be obtained from all chemists in bottles at 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d., or direct, post free. Postage extra abroad. Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed.

FREE HAIR-COLOUR RESTORING.

To Messrs. EDWARDS' HARLENE CO., 104, High Holborn, London, W.C.
Dear Sirs,—I would like to try "Astol," your new discovery, and accept your offer of a free trial of your treatment. I enclose 2d. stamps for postage. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME

ADDRESS

"D. Mirror," 24.1.14.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising and General Business Offices of *The Daily Mirror* are at 23, BOUVERIE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1914.

SAVAGE AND SOCRATES

DO you believe in savages? We mean, do you like them? It is the day and the moment of their rehabilitation; and we have arrived, in this respect, practically at that point where our ancestors stood, at the end of the eighteenth century, when Rousseau was the rage and was read by charming, complicated ladies who nourished their own innocent babes at the opera, in obedience to the precepts of Emile.

To-day, as then, from forth our complications, we cry for simplicity—for what, if you will pardon us, we will term Polynesianism. When people get distrustful of their present (as, considering its ugliness, we may well distrust ours), they either look forward, like Sir Aston Webb, to the good time coming in a century; or else they look back, like Rousseau, and long for the golden age.

And then it is that they—that we—regret the savage, or imitate the Polynesian.

We read "The Golden Bough," and in many ways it seems to us that the savage has a very good time of it; so long as civilised—that is commercialised—people don't get hold of him, convert him, exploit him, and hand him whisky and bibles. The savage is freer than we. He is nearer to the mystery we term Nature. He dances about so delightfully on starlit nights, in the flickering glow of a fire of scented logs; and in the delirium of his crude worship he knows a flaming joy.

And then, we are told (by Mr. McDougall at the Royal Institution) that "the average urains of the savages in the interior of Borneo are just about as large as those of average Oxford undergraduates."

We do not know if Mr. McDougall goes about measuring the undergraduate brain. Presumably not. But, in any case, he has no doubt seen undergraduates leaping, in a Polynesian manner, round fires on bump supper nights. That has given him, so to speak, a clue—Borneo, bonfire: undergraduate, bonfire; Borneo, undergraduate.

Logically, it is a fallacy, but romantically how interesting! And we conclude that if savages have brains and happiness, and "civilised" people only brains but no happiness, we might as well.

But no, better not! We cannot be savages again, even if we would; except, indeed, in a learned, revivalist manner which goes barefooted and long-haired in Fleet-street. We cannot be savages, and we are tired of being commercialised. So what are we to be? Is there no other ideal?

Yes: let us imitate Socrates.

Let us cultivate herbs and high thoughts. Let us go barefooted if you like, but let us be less boisterous than they are in Borneo. Socrates was eminently simple, but no savage. Let us.

But again we break off. Socrates' brain was so big. We cannot be Socrates.

W. M.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 23.—Most sweet pea lovers now sow their seeds early in October, and keep the young plants in a frame until April. Sweet peas raised in this fashion begin to bloom about the middle of June and produce very fine flowers.

Another way is to sow early in February in pots, placing them in a frame or cool greenhouse. Seeds should, therefore, be obtained at once from a reliable source, and pots and soil prepared without delay.

Sweet peas can, of course, be sown out of doors during March and April, but they then will not flower until the middle of July.

E. F. T.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

POINTS FOR EMPLOYERS.

IT has become my lot lately to be a clerk or typist to a "gentleman" in an office belonging to a factory.

I am what is commonly known as of "gentle birth," and my employer would also consider himself a "gentleman" by birth. Yet, more often than not, he keeps his hat on when in the office, dictates letters with it on and takes tea with it on. I share the same office. The sales manager (another "gentleman") also keeps his hat on.

Is this the customary manners in a manufacturer's office?

EMPLOYERS' MANNERS.

"THE MIRROR" IN FANCY DRESS.

AS a persistent reader of your excellent paper I am very interested in writing to tell you that at a fancy dress ball, held in the Concert Hall, St. Leonards-on-Sea, last evening, at which I was one

HOUSEWORK HUSBANDS.

I BELIEVE in husbands assisting in domestic affairs to a certain extent.

I get home week-ends, and it is my greatest pleasure to assist my wife as much as possible by taking the two children (age six and seven respectively) practically off her hands on Saturdays and Sundays.

I think it only right to do this, as no doubt my wife must find it rather trying looking after the children day after day. Besides, I go a step further, and make it a rule to cook breakfast on the mornings in question, to the entire satisfaction of all.

As regards household expenses, I allow my wife so much a month, and never question how she has spent it, and should she ask me for extra money. I give it with a willing hand.

I hear a whisper occasionally that some of my male acquaintances say "they would not like to

NEW BOOKS.

What to Put Down on the Library List This Week.

WHAT is it that suddenly makes an author "leap into fame," as they say? Most authors do, it seems, suddenly take that leap. Or, rather, suddenly are they shot up by other people.

An instance of what we mean occurred, in the case of M. Bergson, a year or two ago. "Nobody" in England—that is, very few people—had heard of M. Bergson, until Mr. Balfour wrote about him in the "Hibbert Journal." That, in England, was M. Bergson's "leap." The next day, or the next week, "everybody" had heard of M. Bergson. More than that—"everybody" had read him, studied him, digested him. One's cook-book thenceforward (as indeed hitherto, on "intuitive" principles. The problem of change occupied tuncablies. As they fumbled in their pockets they murmured vaguely of Bergson.

The first novel you must put down on your list this week is Mr. Joseph Conrad's "Chance." (Methuen, 6s.)

It has so far constituted Mr. Conrad's largest "leap." Not that he was unknown before—"Chance" is, on the contrary, he had a large body of admirers. Still, he hadn't the very wide public of a Wells or a Kipling. Now, with "Chance"—inescapably—all the bells have been set ringing, all the special reviewers extra-specially reviewing, and the men in the street going to the libraries and saying: "Got Joseph Conrad's 'Chance'?" and being told, as a matter of course, "No, sir; sorry sir; it's out. And all this is a little strange, because 'Chance' is not superior, remarkably, to Mr. Conrad's other books. It has its defects, even, in a slightly more obvious manner. It is told in a compound-book manner, narrators representing, in this case, the boxes. It is Marlow, 'who in his time had followed the sea,' who narrates in language far from sea-like the main facts to 'me'—an ill-defined first person who listens. But Marlow, in turn, has to listen while the threads of the story of the poor faithful daughter of an exposed, and convicted 'financier' are handed to him. Flora de Barral was the poor girl's Directorate name, and until near the middle of the book we see little of her. Her tale, with its sadness, its suffering, filters through to us from the two commonplace people, the Fynes, who protect her. They tell it to Marlow, and Marlow hands it on to 'me.' One's head aches. It is, in that respect, as bad as Bergson.

But, indeed, only for the first chapters. Slowly Mr. Conrad gets his grip upon us. His effect is cumulative. With Flora's elopement with Mrs. Fyne's sailor brother the grip tightens. You begin to see the web into which the threads blend. Incidents left loosely hanging (like that occupying the whole of the first chapter) fall into place. You feel better. The end you rejoice in. Conrad, then, dutifully, you read it all over again as though it were Thucydides. This time you are held all through.

After "Chance" we choose, as next favourite this week, "Sarah Eden," by E. S. Stevens. (Mills and Boon, 6s.) Sarah Eden is a Devonshire girl, of great beauty and strong character. She has intelligence far above her farmer family, and above that of the man she marries. With this intelligence is joined a power to see visions. This leads her to religion, and, after her husband's death, she goes to Jerusalem, where she founds a little colony of the devout, to await the second coming of our Lord. All visions are unsatisfactory in the working out, and this is no exception.

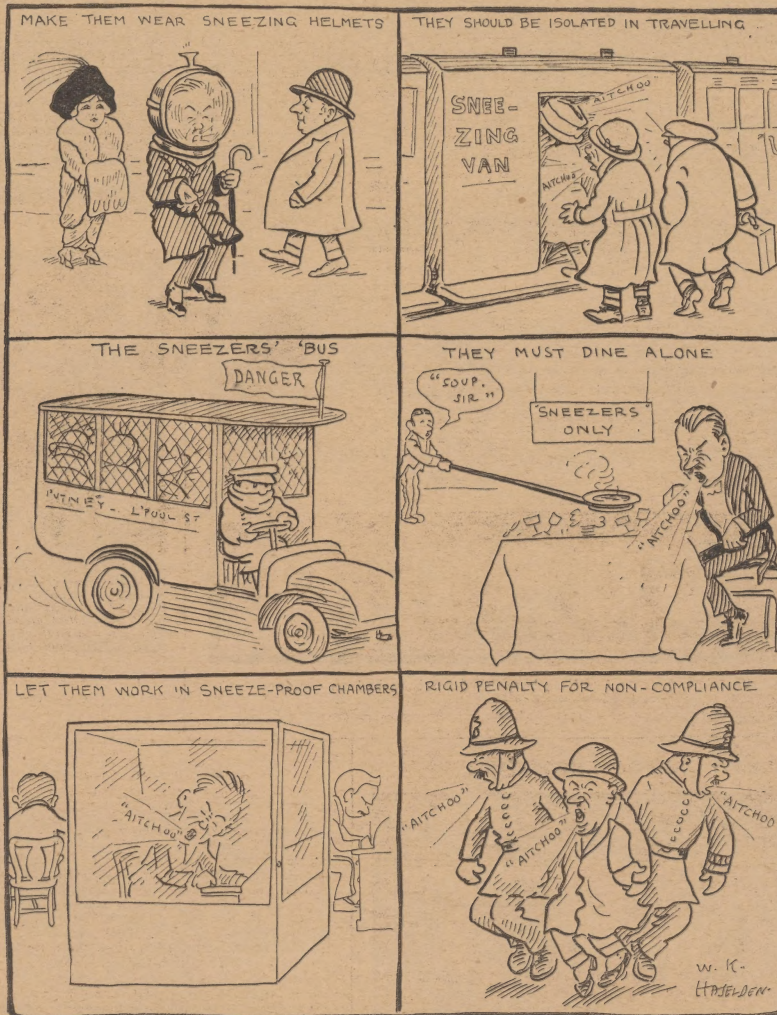
Sarah is such a fine interesting woman that her limited ascetic life becomes a disappointment. But her daughter (another delightful character) redeems the last half of the book, and keeps our interest renewed with her own love-story.

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Reason is a historian, but the passions are actors.—Rivarol.

ISOLATE SNEEZERS: A SUGGESTION TO KEEP US FROM COLDS.



We catch colds from one another, largely owing to the dreadfully explosive people who scatter germs in trains and omnibuses. Why not treat these nuisances as fever patients and keep them apart from those who have not yet caught their plague?—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

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You see progressive Hastings and St. Leonards is quick to recognise in "Mirror of Mirrors" a fund of value both for imitation and satisfaction.

E. ARMITAGE HOOKING, Mayor.

Mayor's Parlour, Hastings, January 22.

The seventh volume of Mr. Haselden's cartoons is now ready. It contains over a hundred of the best of those published during the past year. You may buy "Daily Mirror Reflections" for 6d. at any book-stall, or you may obtain it post free for 8d. from "The Daily Mirror," 23, Bouverie-street, E.C.

be Mr. B.—, as he is under his wife's thumb," but I can afford to laugh at that.

HAND-IN-HAND.

TO ONE IN PARADISE.

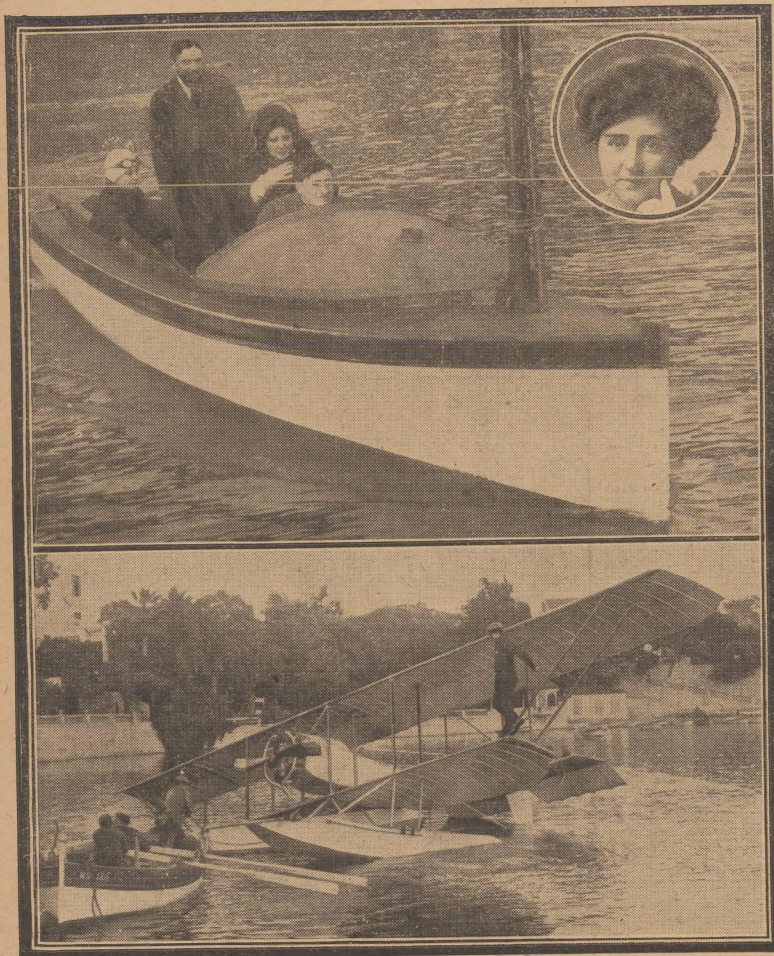
When Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripened thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of death, called life, which us from life doth sever.

Thy words, and aims, and all thy good endeavour,
Stayed not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Followed thee up to joy and bliss for ever.

Love led them on; and Faith, who knew them best
Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
And speak the truth of thee on glorious thrones

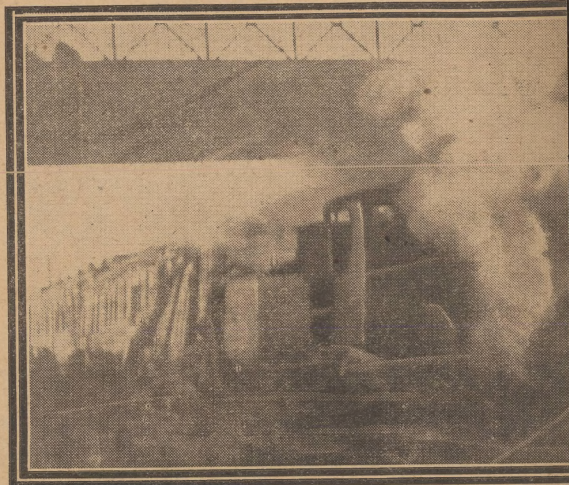
Before the Judge, who thenceforth bids thee rest,
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.
—JOHN MILTON.

Baroness Vaughan in Flying Accident.

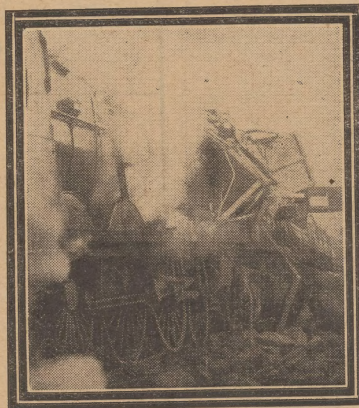


The Baroness Vaughan, morganatic wife of the late King Leopold of Belgium, had an exciting experience at Beaulieu-sur-Mer when an accident occurred to the waterplane in which she was flying. The pictures show the wrecked machine being towed into harbour and the Baroness (in circle) landing.

English Passengers' Escape.



Wrecked trucks which crashed into the express engine.



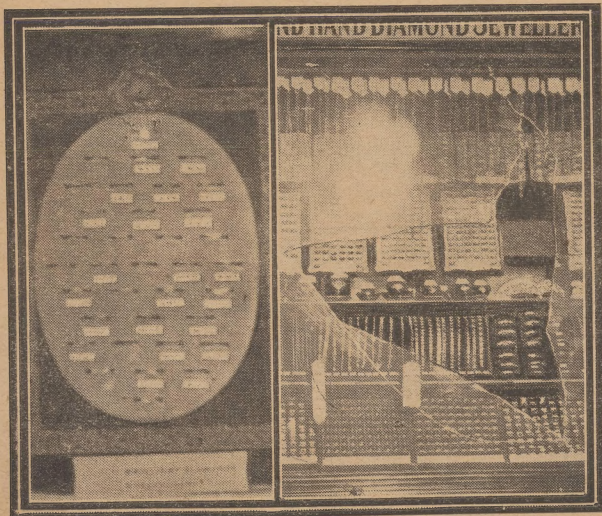
Engine and wrecked coaches.



A van.

One man was killed yesterday as the result of a collision near Calais, in which the boat train from Paris was involved. There were many English passengers.

THIEVES LEAVE EMPTY RING CASE.



Thirty-five rings, valued at £226, were stolen last night from a jeweller's in Essex-road, the thieves breaking a window and extracting their booty despite the fact that many people were passing. The pictures show the empty ring-case and the broken window.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

DOCTOR, A CLEVER CAT, WHICH HAS TAUGHT ITSELF.



Doctor knocks—



—Then waits a moment.

An intelligent Angora cat, Doctor, belonging to Mr. Boyd, of Droylsden, Manchester, is impatient. When it wants to enter the house it knocks at the front door. If its knock is not soon answered,

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising and General Business Offices of The Daily Mirror are:
23-25, BOUVERIE STREET, LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 6100 Holborn (five lines).
PROVINCIAL CALLS: 125 P.S. London.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflected," Fleet, London.
PARIS OFFICE: 36, Rue du Sentier.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1914.

SAVAGE AND SOCRATES

DO you believe in savages? We mean, do you like them? It is the day and the moment of their rehabilitation; and we have arrived, in this respect, practically at that point where our ancestors stood, at the end of the eighteenth century, when Rousseau was the rage and was read by charming, complicated ladies who nourished their own innocent babes at the opera, in obedience to the precepts of Emile.

To-day, as then, from forth our complications, we cry for simplicity—for what, if you will pardon us, we will term Polynesianism. When people get distrustful of their present (as, considering its ugliness, we may well distrust ours), they either look forward, like Sir Aston Webb, to the good time coming in a century; or else they look back, like Rousseau, and long for the golden age.

And then it is that they—that we—regret the savage, or imitate the Polynesian.

We read "The Golden Bough," and in many ways it comes to us that the savage has a very good time of it; so long as civilised—that is commercialised—people don't get hold of him, convert him, exploit him, and hand him whisky and bibles. The savage is freer than we. He is nearer to the mystery we term Nature. He dances about so delightfully on starlit nights, in the flickering glow of a fire of scented logs; and in the delirium of his crude worship he knows a flaming joy.

And then, we are told (by Mr. McDougall at the Royal Institution) that "the average brains of the savages in the interior of Borneo are just about as large as those of average Oxford undergraduates."

We do not know if Mr. McDougall goes about measuring the undergraduate brain. Presumably not. But, in any case, he has no doubt seen undergraduates leaping, in a Polynesian manner, round fires on bump supper nights. That has given him, so to speak, a clue—Borneo, bonfire: undergraduate, bonfire; Borneo, undergraduate.

Logically, it is a fallacy, but romantically how interesting! And we conclude that if savages have brains and happiness, and "civilised" people only brains but no happiness, we might as well.

But no, better not! We cannot be savages again, even if we would; except, indeed, in a learned, revivalist manner which goes barefooted and long-haired in Fleet-street. We cannot be savages, and we are tired of being commercialised. So what are we to be? Is there no other ideal?

Yes: let us imitate Socrates.

Let us cultivate herbs and high thoughts. Let us go barefooted if you like, but let us be less boisterous than they are in Borneo. Socrates was eminently simple, but no savage. Let us.

But again we break off. Socrates' brain was so big. We cannot be Socrates.

W. M.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 23.—Most sweet pea lovers now sow their seeds early in October, and keep the young plants in a frame until April. Sweet peas raised in this fashion begin to bloom about the middle of June and produce very fine flowers.

Another way is to sow early in February in pots, placing them in a frame or cool greenhouse. Seeds should, therefore, be obtained at once from a reliable source, and pots and soil prepared without delay.

Sweet peas can, of course, be sown out of doors during March and April, but they then will not flower until the middle of July. E. F. T.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

POINTS FOR EMPLOYERS.

IT has become my lot lately to be a clerk or typist to a "gentleman" in an office belonging to a factory.

I am what is commonly known as of "gentle birth," and my employer would also consider himself a "gentleman" by birth. Yet, more often than not, he keeps his hat on when in the office, dictates letters without it and takes tea with it on. I share the same office. The sales manager (another "gentleman") also keeps his hat on.

Is this the customary manners in a manufacturer's office?

EMPLOYERS' MANNERS.

"THE MIRROR" IN FANCY DRESS. AS a persistent reader of your excellent paper I am very interested in writing to tell you that at a fancy dress-ball, held in the Concert Hall, St. Leonard-on-Sea, last evening, at which I was one

HOUSEWORK HUSBANDS.

I BELIEVE in husbands assisting in domestic affairs to a certain extent.

I get home week-ends, and it is my greatest pleasure to assist my wife as much as possible by taking the two children (age six and seven respectively) practically off her hands on Saturdays and Sundays.

I think it only right to do this, as no doubt my wife must find it rather trying looking after the children day after day. Besides, I go a step further, and make it a rule to cook breakfast on the mornings in question, to the entire satisfaction of all.

As regards household expenses, I allow my wife so much a month, and never question how she has spent it, and should she ask me for extra money I give it with a willing hand.

I hear a whisper occasionally that some of my male acquaintances say "they would not like to

NEW BOOKS.

What to Put Down on the Library List This Week.

WHAT is it that suddenly makes an author "leap into fame," as they say? Most others do, it seems, suddenly take that leap. Or, rather, suddenly they are shoved up by other people.

An instance of what we mean occurred, in the case of M. Bergson, a year or two ago. "Nobody" in England—that is, very few people—had heard of M. Bergson, until Mr. Balfour wrote about him in the "Hibbert Journal." That, in England, was M. Bergson's "leap." The next day, or the next week, "everybody" had heard of M. Bergson. More than that!—everybody had read him. One's cook cooked, the chauffeur drove, the domestic staff indeed (hitherto), on "intuitive" principles. The problem of change occupied taxicab-drivers. As they fumbled in their pockets they murmured vaguely of Bergson.

The first novel you must put down on your list this week is Mr. Joseph Conrad's "Chance." (Methuen, 6s.)

It has so far constituted Mr. Conrad's largest "leap." Not that he was unknown before "Chance"—on the contrary, he had a large body of admirers. Still, he hadn't the very wide public of a Wells or a Kipling. Now, with "Chance," inexplicably—all the bells have been set ringing, all the special reviewers extra-special reviewing, and all the men in the street going to the libraries and saying: "Got Joseph Conrad's 'Chance'?" and being told, as a matter of course, "No, sir; sorry, sir; it's out. And all this is a little strange, because 'Chance' is not superior, remarkably, to Mr. Conrad's other books. It has their defects, even, in a slightly more obvious manner. It is told in a compound-box manner, narrations, representing, in this case, the boxes. It is Marlow, 'who in his time had followed the sea,' who narrates in language far from sea-like the main facts to 'me'—an ill-defined first person who listens. But Marlow, in turn, has to listen while the threads of the story of the poor faithful daughter of an exposed and convicted financier" are handed to him. Florio de Barral was the poor girl's Directorate name, and until near the end of the book we see little of her. Her tale, with its sadness, its suffering, filters through to us from the two commonplace people, the Fynes, who protect her. They tell it to Marlow, and Marlow hands it on to "me." One's head whirls. It is, in that respect, as bad as Bergson.

But, indeed, only for the first chapters. Slowly Mr. Conrad gets his grip upon you. His effect is cumulative. With Flora's elopement with Mrs. Fyne's sailor brother the grip tightens. You begin to see the web into which the threads blend. Incidents left loosely hanging (like that occupying the whole of the first chapter) fall into place. You feel better. By the end you rejoice in Conrad. Then, suddenly, you read it all over again as though it were Thackeray's. This time you are held all through.

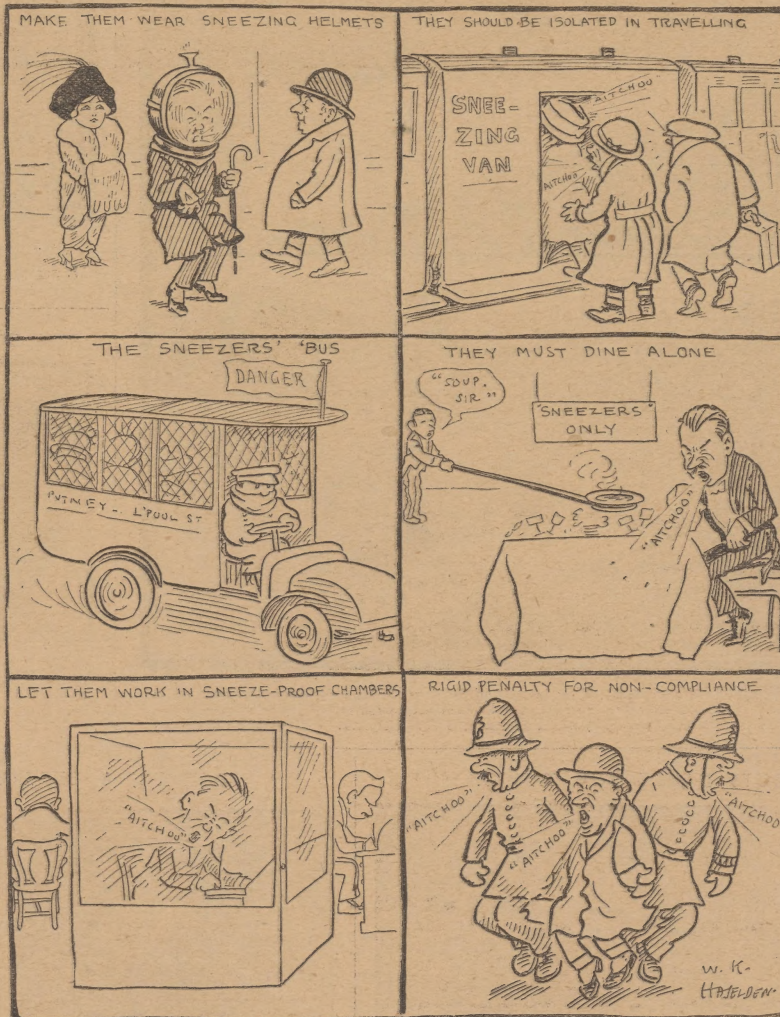
After "Chance" we choose, as next favourite, "The Secret of Stevens" (Mills and Boon, 6s.) Sarah Eden is a Devonshire girl, of great beauty and strong character. She has intelligence far above her farmer family, and above that of the man she marries. With this intelligence is joined a power to see visions. This leads her to religion, and, after her husband's death, she goes to Jerusalem, where she founds a little colony of the devout, to await the second coming of our Lord. All visions are unsatisfactory in the working out, and this is no exception.

Sarah is such a fine interesting woman that her limited ascetic life becomes a woman's life. But her daughter (another delightful character) redeems the last half of the book, and keeps our interest renewed with her own love-story. W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Reason is a historian; but the passions are the actors.—Ruskin.

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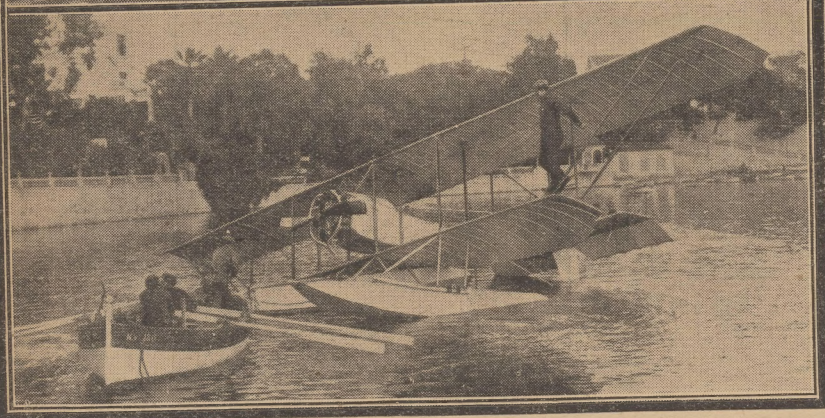
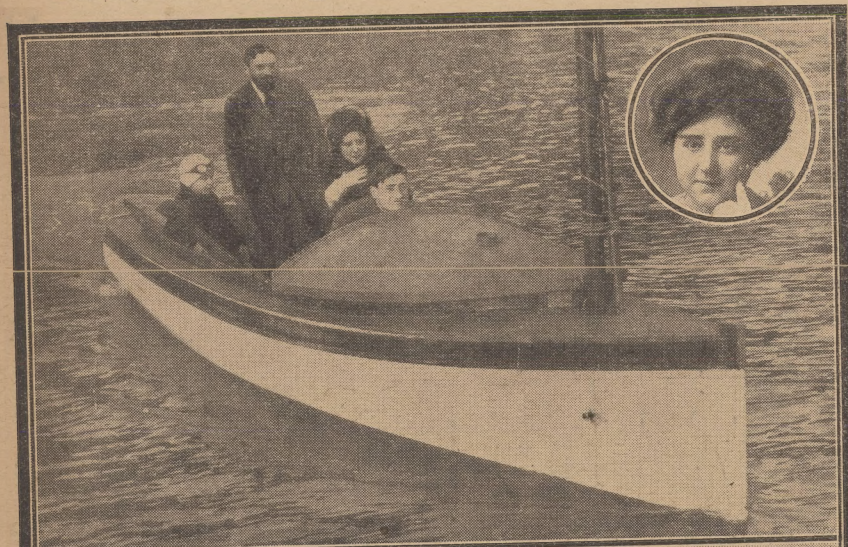
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—JOHN MILTON.

Baroness Vaughan in Flying Accident.



The Baroness Vaughan, morganatic wife of the late King Leopold of Belgium, had an exciting experience while flying at Beaulieu-sur-Mer. The propeller broke. Fortunately the machine dropped safely. The wrecked plane being towed into harbour and the Baroness landing by motor-boat are shown in the pictures. Portrait, the Baroness.

After the Three Arts Re



Sir George and Lady Alexander.

It was early yesterday morning when the Three Arts' Club Ball broke light Memories," while Sir George Alexander a

SON TO PRINCESS,



Princess Clementine of Belgium, daughter of the late King Leopold, and wife of Prince Victor Napoleon, who has given birth to a son.

TWO NEW B



Dr. Henry Luke Paget, Bishop of St. Edmundsbury and Bishop of Brisbane, in circle

BOY SCOUTS DANCE THE TANGO.



A "tango turn" at the concert given at Highgate by the 55th North London Scouts in aid of funds for the upkeep of the drill hall. They gave the performance at the last moment. A telegram of congratulation was received from "B. P.," the Chief Scout.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

DOCTOR, A CLEVER CAT, WHICH HAS TAUGHT ITSELF



Doctor knocks—

An intelligent Angora cat, Doctor, belonging to Mr. Boyd, of Droydsden, Manchester, is impatient. When it wants to enter the house it knocks at the front door. If its knock is not soon answered,



—Then waits a moment.

In French Train Smash.



passenger coaches can also be seen beyond the bridge.

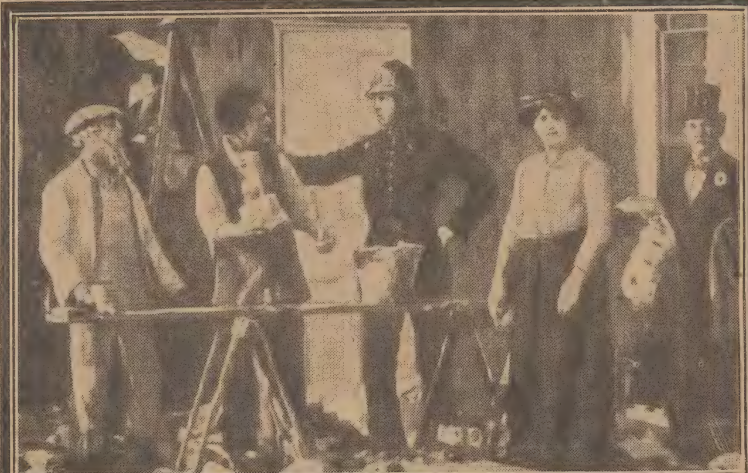


collision.

Carriages which were telescoped.

passengers on board. The two small outside pictures are by the Rev. F. Smithwick, of Woking.

Do Film Shows Affect Music Halls ?



Do films of famous artists help or harm music-halls? was the question raised when a variety syndicate sought an injunction against Will Evans in connection with his sketches acted for the cinematograph. The pictures show scenes from "Whitewashing the Ceiling," one of the films (Will Day), and Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terriss acting "Always Tell Your Wife" for a film (Zenith).

USE A KNOCKER AND TO UNLATCH ITS BACK DOOR.

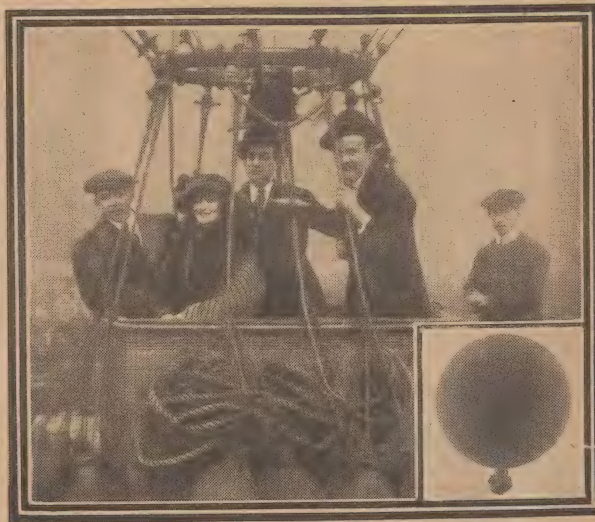


answers, so it goes to back door and opens the latch.

walks round to the back, mounts an adjoining window-sill, and presses open the latch. The knocker Doctor uses is 30in. above the ground. It has never been taught these extraordinary feats.

And, pushing open the door, enters.

BALLOON ASCENT TO KEEP WARM.



Mr. James Radley, who made a balloon ascent from Battersea yesterday with a party of friends, including Miss Sybil de Bray, the actress, said they would be much warmer up in the clouds than if they remained on earth. The pictures were taken before and after the ascent.

CHILD'S BAZAAR FOR A HOSPITAL.

Eleven-Year-Old Girl Raises 37s. by Sale
of Penny Articles She Made.

TEA FOR NEIGHBOURS.

An eleven-years-old London girl has just held a penny bazaar of articles made by herself, and has raised £1 17s. 6d. for a hospital by it.

She is Miss Nancy Hauxwell, of 59, Avondale-avenue, Woodside Park, and the institution which has benefited by her exertions is the Great Northern Central Hospital, in Holloway-road, N.

Nancy, who is a happy girl these days, was very busy during her Christmas holidays making small articles, such as iron-holders, dusters, needle-cases, toilet-covers, and so on. Last week, assisted by a little playmate, she made a display of her work in her parents' house and invited the neighbours to make purchases.

Naturally a great many of them came, and while at the bazaar had tea at one penny each, served by the children.

Nancy is now the proud possessor of a letter of thanks and congratulations from the secretary, who



MISS NANCY HAUXWELL.

said he found the bazaar a very pleasant little function. She is going to start work again soon, with a view to having another sale next year.

OUR WEEKLY TOILET TALK

Now that low collars are almost universally worn no woman can afford to go about with a scraggy neck. Fortunately a round white throat is not difficult to obtain.

To fill out the hollows and make the throat longer do this for five minutes morning and evening: Hold the head high and move it slowly several times from one side to the other as far as you can; then bend it right back and bring it forward until the chin rests on the chest. Five minutes' deep breathing at an open window every morning will help you.

At night smear a fattening cream all over the throat and rub it in gently with a circular motion of the fingers. Leave some, when wiping the neck, to soak in during the night.

A good cleansing and fattening cream given in "The Daily Mirror Beauty Book" (which is sold for 6d.) is made up of: Lanoline, 2oz.; liquid paraffin, 2 drachms; oil of sweet almonds, 4 drachms, and spermaceti, 3 drachms. Mix together while hot, and then add borax, 10 grains, and concentrated rose-water, 1oz. Mix both together while hot and stir till cold.

BY MERIT ALONE

Sheer merit alone has won for Mother Seigel's Syrup its proud position as the world's remedy for the common ailments of the digestive organs—stomach, liver and bowels. It regulates the liver and bowels, tones up the stomach, and in this way has relieved the thousands of their digestive troubles, and restored them to good health.

HAS PROVED ITS WORTH

Mr. W. Palmer, 26, Alfred Place, Wharf Street, Leicester, writes on June 11th, 1913, says:—"My appetite left me entirely, and food—even a small piece of bread and butter—would cause me much pain. I was very constipated and occasionally dizzy. A former employer recommended Mother Seigel's Syrup to me, and six bottles proved sufficient for my thorough cure."

TO SUFFERERS FROM STOMACH TROUBLES

The 2/6 Bottle contains 3 times the 1/12 size.

OUR CHILDREN'S SATURDAY CORNER.

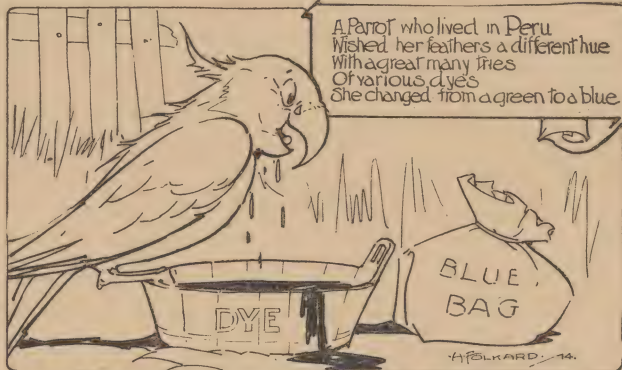
Adventurous Parrot Who Changed the
Colour of Her Plumage.

My Dear Little Friends,—Every now and then I have a picture specially drawn to encourage our very young competitors, and, as you will see when you read the rhyme, our artist has provided a very simple one this week.

He has made a curious discovery—a parrot who is not thoroughly satisfied with herself! She must talk a lot every time she comes up from a dip! Use water-colours or chalks, just which you please, and send the drawing when coloured, together with your name, age and address, to "The Children's Corner," *The Daily Mirror*, 23,

Boulevard-street, London, E.C., so that it arrives by next Wednesday morning at the latest. Four prizes are offered for the best colourings—5s., 3s., and two of half a crown each—and a number of *Daily Mirror* certificates of merit will be awarded. Doris E. Orme, age eleven years, 8, Scott-street, Derby, wins the first prize of 5s. this week for a capital colouring of the picture of Froggie on the Ice. The second (3s.) goes to Joan Kerr, age thirteen, 6, Cambal-road, Putney Hill, S.W., and the third and fourth (half a crown each) to Dorothy E. Raban, age fourteen, Lesnewth, Spenser-road, Harpenden, Herts, and William Harris, age eleven, 22, Bondchurch-road, Brighton. I am so glad you all like the certificates, and I quite agree with you that they look very nice framed.

AUNT MARY.



Four prizes are offered for colouring this picture.

TO-DAY'S BRIDE.

Charming Dresses To Be Worn at Wed-
ding of Lady Townshend's Sister.

Miss Marjorie Sutherland (sister of Lady Townshend) is married to Captain Francis Fitzgerald Waldron, 19th Royal Hussars and Royal Flying Corps, at the Church of the Holy Rosary, Marylebone-road, to-day.

Made of white chamoisee, the bride's dress (by Miss Sear) has a draped skirt and a very pretty coat-like corsage of tulle over a bodice of tulle and silver, cut low and finished in front with a rosette of tulle and diamond trimming and fringe. There

KITCHEN MEDICINES.

How Vegetables in Common Use May
Assist in Treatment of Ailments.

Are you taking the proper vegetable for your complaint?

"When the peculiar composition of some vegetables is considered," states an article in the current number of the *Lancet*, "there will be found principles present of the nature of medicines."

Here is a list worth studying by the housewife:—

Onions contain sulphur oil, and are taken for sleeplessness, and as an aid to gastric digestion. They are also claimed by some to allay rheumatic pains. Turnips, parsnips and swedes have peculiar "ally principles" of value as an aperient and diuretic. They are claimed to be good for coughs and hoarseness. Potatoes contain selenin, which has certain diuretic properties. Cabbage on account of its sulphur compound, is taken for scurvy and scrofula. Spinach has iron in an organic form and is useful as a laxative, owing to "fine indigestible fibre." Carrots are taken for derangements of the liver, and have been used as a dressing to mitigate pain.

"The tomato exercises medicinal effects which are not completely explained by the presence of alkaline salts. There is a principle present which when taken in a concentrated state produces salivation and a free stimulation of the liver."

A WINDOW-BOX FOR BABY.



A liking for sleeping out of doors is spreading rapidly in North America, and many children now sleep warmly tucked in on balconies, where they may be covered with snow during the night. Above is seen a method of getting the maximum amount of fresh air for baby.

GROWING CHILDREN

are much benefited by a little ATORA Refined Beef Suet in hot milk (instead of Cod Liver Oil), or in Sweet Pudding and Baked Rice Pudding. Ask your grocer for ATORA, refuse substituted brands.—(Adv.)

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY BY A WOMAN.

REMARKABLE FORMULA TO REMOVE
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

Will Forfeit £50 If Free-Sample Fails.

READ OF THE WONDERFUL FORMULA
AND GET A FREE SAMPLE.

Marvellous! This is the only word I can find to express my opinion of Mme. Mildred Courtenay's newly-discovered formula for removing superfluous hair on the face, neck, arms, etc., which, to say the least, is most disagreeing to the features and general appearance.

The formula, which has been put to the greatest possible scientific tests by eminent authorities on the subject, undoubtedly sounds the death knell to Electrolysis, which is the process of removing superfluous hair by electrical means, one by one, a painful, tedious and lengthy operation.

Mme. Courtenay's newly-discovered Formula accomplishes the same effect in practically as many minutes, without the faintest twinge, and leaves the skin unaffected in even the slightest degree, in fact the mode of application is, as simple as applying cold cream to the face, and just as delightful. No pain, no inconvenience and no delay, no after effects, but leaving a perfectly smooth and hairless skin.

So positive is the Discoverer that her formula is infallible that she not only offers to every woman troubled with constant recurring and re-growing superfluous hair a free trial, but offers to pay £50 to any charitable institution which you may care to mention, should the free sample fail to completely remove every hair from any place on your face, arms, neck, or any part of the body, of, say, the size of a shilling.

Remember this is only the free sample. What, then, must a full course of treatment do in the way of restoring the beauty of youth marred by superfluous hair, perhaps hair that has grown more and more stubborn as it is shaved, pulled out, or broken off, also thicker and even more bristly, especially if growing from a mole?

What, then, must a full course of treatment accomplish? And all this—where is the lady troubled with superfluous hair who will not take advantage of this free offer of the celebrated discoverer in face of her guarantee?

It is quite possible that Madame Courtenay has not counted the cost of her free offer, for there will be thousands upon thousands of applications for the free sample.

Luckily, she exacts from every applicant that they should send her 3 penny stamps to cover cost of packing and postage, but for all that her expenses will be great until she is justly rewarded by gaining the patronage for a complete course of treatment from those convinced by the marvellousness of her discovery, the ease with which it is applied and the positive results that must of necessity follow the free trial.

AN ASTONISHING PERSONAL TEST.

From what the writer has personally seen—and from experiments actually made on my own arm, as shown on my face the discovery is positively revolutionary. It has changed all my old ideas of "once hairy always hairy."

Mind you, the superfluous hair will not come off as though by one wipe of the baby's arm, but when you apply it and the liquid has soaked into the hair—right through the hollow cell of the hair and down to the root—gradually the hairs curl, fall lifeless and die, and in a minute or two you can wipe them all off with a soft sponge, leaving the skin as smooth and clear as that of an infant's. The part is then washed with a little cold water, and the operation is at an end. Your superfluous hair has vanished, leaving the skin unaffected in the slightest degree.

The above has been my experience, it can be yours as well and simply for the asking of the free sample of this famous preparation, for it is decidedly marvellous.

Try it on your arm in the first instance, and thus gain experience in applying it, or try it on a friend if you are the least nervous at first, you will be simply surprised.

What I say to every woman troubled with superfluous hair on the face, arms or any part of the body, is, that they should write this very minute to Madame Courtenay, whose address is Laboratory 4, 12, Archer Street, Piccadilly, London, W., enclosing three penny stamps to cover packing and postage, and obtain the free sample offered together with the little booklet which has just been published. Your application will be only one amongst thousands.

The booklet contains some of the most guarded secrets of many of the world's famous Beauty Specialists, for which Madame assures us she cares little, as secrets, but thinks they are invaluable hints and suggestions on the care of the skin which every woman should know.

As Madame Courtenay explained when interviewed, what most Beauty Specialists consider secrets are but elementary knowledge in the art of obtaining and retaining a perfect complexion, healthy, clear and always fascinating. Therefore write for her booklet and learn these secrets hitherto so zealously guarded, but, more especially, learn all about this wonderful formula, which positively removes all superfluous hair.—(Adv.)

NEW SERIAL

BEGIN TO-DAY.

What Every Woman Forgets.

By HENRY FARMER.

THE CHARACTERS.

FRITZ KAVANAGH, a young man of twenty-five, travelling before settling down to a political career. He is on his way to India when he meets

SUZANNE CLOAN, the beautiful wife of

MICHAEL CLOAN, known as "Rajah" Cloan, owner of vast plantations in the East.

CAROLINE CLOAN, Cloan's sister, a militant suffragette.

REGGIE LOMBARD, Kavanagh's cousin.

THE STORY.

The story opens on board the Mooltana, bound for India. Fritz Kavanagh makes the acquaintance of Suzanne Cloan, who is going out to Ceylon to join her husband. Kavanagh perceives at once that she is unhappy. He expects that "Rajah" Cloan, ruler over armies of native labour and with the reputation of a bully, is a suitable husband for a woman with the ideals and temperament of Mrs. Cloan.

Before the ship has reached Colombo Kavanagh has fallen deeply in love with Mrs. Cloan. He realises that she, too, is not indifferent to him; but no word of love is spoken between them.

Eight months afterwards Kavanagh is back in London and meets Cloan at his club. The two men are now man to man to dinner at his house, and actuated by a desire to renew his acquaintance with Mrs. Cloan, Kavanagh accepts. But when he arrives at the house he finds Cloan hopelessly drunk. He discerns that this is the cause of Suzanne's unhappiness.

During the dinner Cloan displays abominable behaviour, which Kavanagh does his best to cover up, sympathising keenly all the while with the man's wife. He finds that after the meal Cloan falls into a drunken sleep, and Kavanagh joins the ladies in the drawing-room. He finds her weeping bitterly. Seized by compassion and affection for her, his arms close round her, expressing passion, sympathy and a man's craving to protect a woman.

And then, suddenly, her body becomes rigid. She stares past him. He releases her.

The door is open. "Rajah" Cloan stands on the threshold, staring himself against the landl. He comes forward to attack Kavanagh, but, true, falls and strikes his head heavily.

Consciousness returns. Kavanagh does his best for the "Rajah," and a doctor is called. The young man leaves the house late that night, Cloan not having recovered consciousness.

When Kavanagh arrives at his flat he finds Reggie Lombard waiting to see him. A remark from Lombard leads Kavanagh to the discovery that he has brought away Cloan's overcoat from the "Rajah's" house in mistake for his own. He puts his hand in the pocket and brings out a note. It is a short love letter addressed to Michael Cloan. The signature is "Alone," the address on the note-paper, "The Nook, Datcham-on-Thames."

Kavanagh puts it to one side, but it is brought back to his mind when Lombard tells him that he has got entangled with this same woman. Her husband, who goes by the name of Dr. Cuthbert Smith, is blackmailing Lombard, and the latter asks Kavanagh to help him. Kavanagh wonders whether Cuthbert, too, is a blackmailer. However, he promises to see "Aimee's" husband for Lombard and settle for him.

Early the next morning Mrs. Cloan rings Kavanagh up on the telephone. She tells him that though Cloan has recovered consciousness he retains no memory of the scene in the drawing-room the previous night. Kavanagh is infinitely relieved. He is interrupted for a minute, and when he returns to the telephone, believing he is still speaking to Mrs. Cloan, calls her by her Christian name, and asks her, if she finds herself in any trouble, to come to him.

But he receives a rude shock when he learns that Miss Caroline Cloan has taken Mrs. Cloan's place at the other end of the line. "I will give Mrs. Cloan your message," sneers Miss Cloan.

CHAPTER V. (continued.)

KAVANAGH flinched with a slight jerk of his body and an audible catch of his breath, as if he had been viciously jabbed with a hot pin.

Miss Cloan had spoken in thin, rather suppressed, stabbingly-clear tones, sharpened with a sarcastic intonation.

On the previous night, when a physical crisis called for coolness, she had let her head and behaved hysterically; had tried, but failed, to dominate the situation when her brother lay on the floor of the Adams room, rather an unenvying sight. Kavanagh had dominated her, and the servants had obeyed him, and not her. Her curious affection for her brother, who scoffed at her religion which found expression in fighting for "Voting for women" without any regard to honour, truth or playing the game, was real; but she had felt, in her perverted way, that Kavanagh, though he had done the right thing, she should have done it better, wrong, had put on a veil on her and her cause.

But she had not lost her head now. Kavanagh might have dominated the situation on the previous night, when it was a question of staunching blood and doing nothing to help her brother, but she had him by the hip now, and, also, the sister-in-law, whom Dame Nature had endowed with all the feminine, precious attributes that had been denied Miss Cloan tragically; whom, quite wrongly, Miss Cloan held responsible for her brother's crudely-expressed views on the subject of the feminist movement. Her sister-in-law was a marriage trader, who had married her brother for what he was and his money, whose invalid mother was a kind of old-age pensioner on her brother's.

At least, that was Caroline Cloan's way of looking at it all.

"But I will give your message to Mrs. Cloan," she repeated into the telephone.

She had stabbed once, and she was stabbing again. A cat never gives the coup de grace outright.

Kavanagh did not reply. He hung up the telephone.

And then, rather white-faced, he cursed himself fiercely and savagely for a fool and a bungler—in the crude language of a man under great torture.

He, who had been talking about a woman's happiness, of his eagerness to do all in his power for her, and bungled his message.

He had betrayed the truth of what had happened on the previous night to Miss Cloan, who had written "Wild Oats for Women" out of sheer, perverted "contrariness," whose jealousy of her sister-in-law and whose bitterness towards men had flashed out during the tension of the previous night; a woman of keen intelligence, penetrating senses, and with that strain of vindictive unscrupulousness not infrequently seen in a feminine nature perverted by bitterness, suspicion of feminine secret hopes, and consequent hysterical fanaticism.

Kavanagh crossed to his escritoire. He was up against it. He simply did not know what to do. He had given—he was thinking, badly—the whole thing away.

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He did not think of using the accursed telephone again. He would write to Mrs. Cloan, tell her what had happened; tell her that he was waiting for her!

Waiting for her, ready to sacrifice everything for her. But he would not put it down in writing in this way. Because he was not conscious of a sense of sacrifice at this moment. He was thinking of her only. She had pointed out so plainly to him which direction her path lay. By a telephone b'lunder he had barred it, or fancied so.

He had got pen and paper and was kneading his forehead when Reggie Lombard, still in pyjamas and a dress overcoat, returned to the room.

But for Reggie's previous interruption Kavanagh would have realised that Mrs. Cloan had been called hurriedly from the room and had laid down the instrument, instead of hanging it up on the peg.

Kavanagh's temper was quick, and just now he was not himself. Hot words surged.

"Why the—"

But he stopped. Reggie Lombard, who clutched a newspaper just arrived, looked as if he had seen a ghost. Shutting the door behind him, he leant against it. He spoke weakly and dazedly.

"De Castro-Smith—it's here in the papers. Dead! Found shot in the Bunter-street flat. Oh my goodness, who's got hold of those letters now?"

CHAPTER VI.

KAVANAGH reached Reggie Lombard and got hold of the paper. Headlines proclaimed a grim discovery in a domestic district and a murder mystery. Kavanagh read what followed:—

"Shortly after nine o'clock last night a shocking discovery was made by the caretaker of Garth Mansions, Bunter-street, Bloomsbury, a block of buildings let out in flats.

"No. 1, Garth Mansions was occupied by a Mr. John Smith, who was in arrears with his rent. Nothing having been seen or heard of him for two days, the caretaker forced an entry on instructions from the landlord, and was horrified to find Mr. Smith lying dead on the floor of the sitting-room, a revolver beside him. Believing it to be a case of suicide, Giles, the caretaker, summoned the police.

"When, however, the revolver was examined it was found that none of the six cartridges had been discharged, and the inference is that Mr. Smith was shot before he could use the weapon in self-defence. He had been shot through the heart. Death must have been practically instantaneous, and, according to medical opinion, must have occurred at least twenty-four hours before the discovery of the body. The disordered state of the room showed that a hurried search had been made.

"No. 1, Garth Mansions is a basement flat. Mr. Smith had occupied it on and off for nearly nine months, and kept no regular servant. He is said to have been employed by a cinematograph film agency with headquarters in Paris, and was continually travelling.

"Giles, the caretaker, described Smith to a representative of the *Daily Mercury* as a man of about forty, over medium height and thinly built, with a slight cast of the left eye, a shallow complexion and a dark moustache which was waxed into spikes. He was always well dressed. He looked like a foreigner, though there was nothing to indicate this in his speech or accent.

"BLUE-BEARD'S CHAMBER.

"Both Giles and his wife, who occasionally cleaned up his flat, regarded Smith as rather a mystery. He took all his meals out except breakfast, which he cooked for himself on a gas-stove. Mrs. Giles, when she cleaned up the flat, always found one room locked, and called it jokingly "Blue-Beard's Chamber." She remembers once having found a lady's 'vanity' bag in the sitting-room.

"Giles told our representative that Mr. Smith was very irregular in his ways and habits, sometimes being away for weeks at a time. Sometimes he slept through the day, and was out all night. He occasionally had visitors of both sexes."

The account Kavanagh was reading omitted to state that neither Garth Mansions nor Bunter-street had the best of reputations.

Bunter-street was a thoroughfare of lodging-houses and blocks of flats, flats let out at cheap rentals and many of them furnished on the hire-purchase system. The tenants were frequently changing, and furniture was constantly being reclaimed in covered vans without the name of the firm on them. There was something furtive about the atmosphere of Bunter-street. Most of the boarding and lodging houses had their windows curtained secretly. Brass plates lacked that brightness and doorsteps that scrubbed look which are features of self-respecting lodging and boarding-houses.

Kavanagh read on:

"Giles last saw Mr. Smith alive on Tuesday evening, at about eight o'clock. Mr. Smith was in the act of descending the stairs leading to the two flats in the basement. The other flat is to let. Mr. Smith was alone, and this will probably prove to be the last time that he was seen alive, in view of the medical opinion that at least twenty-four hours must have intervened between death and the discovery of the body. It is quite easy for anyone to reach or quit the basement flats without either the caretaker, who looks after several blocks, or any of the tenants being the wiser.

"The bullet that spelt death may possibly furnish a clue. The evidence of a hurried search in the sitting-room suggests a motive. What was the secret of 'Blue-Beard's Chamber' will probably be revealed at the inquest.

"Shortly after ten o'clock last night Assistant Commissioner Sir Melton Mowbray, head of the Criminal Investigation Department, Scotland Yard, arrived on the scene in a motor-car. He

(Continued on page 13.)

GRAND FREE GIFT

OF A

MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVING

TO EVERY READER.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY

P. H. CALDERON, ROYAL ACADEMICIAN.

NOW ON EXHIBITION IN THE WALKER ART GALLERY.

This very charming Engraving, of which the illustration below is merely a small and very rough sketch, we have decided to present as a Special Gift to those readers who appreciate high-class Art. It is produced by hand direct from the engraved Plate, on fine quality plate paper measuring 16 by 12 inches.

The Royal Academician has here depicted a most touching scene of deep, warm, tender affection in Ruth clinging to Naomi and uttering the heartfelt cry as recorded in the book of Ruth: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

In this ennobling picture we secure a representation of true affection—full of pathos—and, read in the light of the Bible story, the Engraving will commend itself to every lover of High Art.

It would be difficult indeed to depict a more beautiful and appealing episode, and the Painter has accomplished a great end in the production of such an inspiring Work of Art.



RUTH AND NAOMI.

By P. H. Calderon, Royal Academician.

This unique and very generous gift of a FREE ENGRAVING is presented for the purpose of making the exceedingly high-class character of our pictures better known and to introduce our illustrated Art List to the readers of this paper. The reader has simply to fill up the Coupon below and forward same to the Secretary, D. COLBAN-EWART, THE BRITISH ART ASSOCIATION, 251, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W., with a registration fee of 6d. by postal order (or stamps 7d.) to defray the cost of case, packing and carriage per Parcel Post, on receipt of which the Engraving will be carefully packed and dispatched, FREE OF ALL CHARGE.

SPECIAL COUPON

entitling the Reader to ONE FREE Engraving of "Ruth and Naomi," by P. H. Calderon, Royal Academician.

D. Mr. 24/1/14.

To D. Colban-Ewart, Secretary, THE BRITISH ART ASSOCIATION,

251, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W.

Sir,—Please forward me one FREE ENGRAVING of "Ruth and Naomi," by P. H. Calderon, Royal Academician. Enclosed is the nominal fee of 6d. by Postal Order (or stamps 7d.) to cover registration and cost of case, packing and carriage to my address.

Name
Please write Address
plainly.

N.B.—If the illustrated Art List ONLY is required the fee need not be sent.

A LARGE Engraving of this very beautiful Work of Art on Plate Paper, measuring 32 by 22 inches, the engraved surface measuring 20 by 14 inches—WELL WORTH ONE GUINEA—we will forward for 2s. 9d. carriage paid, and Every Reader securing this LARGE ENGRAVING will be entitled to complete ENTIRELY FREE OF CHARGE for a

CASH PRIZE OF TWENTY-FIVE GUINEAS

In a WORD-MAKING COMPETITION on the word "ACADEMICIANS," thus: AID, CAN, DIE, DIES, ICE. The rules governing the competition will be enclosed with the picture.

Purity



The daily use of
**POND'S VANISH-
ING CREAM** keeps
your skin in un-
blemished purity
even in winter.

Winter is the most trying season for the skin: with frost, fog, wind and rain to spoil its delicacy. Unprotected, you suffer from **chapped hands, red and roughened skin, &c.**, but the magic touch of POND'S—morning and evening—affords you complete protection.

The treatment is perfectly simple—just a little applied with the finger tips: no massage. There is neither grease nor stickiness to soil lace or any other fabric.

POND'S Vanishing Cream is extensively used by Society and Stage ladies for its genuine help in keeping the skin smooth, soft, white and velvety. An additional charm is the delicate fragrance of Jacqueminot roses which it imparts to your skin.

Miss Neilson Terry writes:—

"I have tried Pond's Vanishing Cream and found it very excellent, and a most valuable item of my toilet."

Madame Pavlova writes:—

"I have used Pond's Vanishing Cream, and find it very good for softening and whitening my skin."



Write for this Trial Tube to-day (enclosing 1d. stamp for postage, and prove for yourself how indispensable to comfort POND'S Vanishing Cream is. Sold by all Chemists and Stores in 1s. Tubes and handsome Opal Jars at 1s. and 2s.

POND'S EXTRACT Co. (Dept. 36), 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

Accept NO substitute for Pond's Vanishing Cream, which is a unique product manufactured solely by Pond's Extract Co., Proprietors of the world-famous POND'S EXTRACT.

Pond's Vanishing Cream

THIS MORNING'S NEWS ITEMS.

Centenarian Leaves \$5,165.

Miss Katharine Cow, of Sydenham (Kent), who died at the age of 103, has left estate valued at \$5,165.

Dick Whittington's Record Broken.

For the fifth year in succession, Mr. McMorde, M.P., was yesterday installed as Lord Mayor of Belfast, establishing a record in the history of the city.

134 Arrests for Singing.

In commemoration of the events of January, 1905, 110,004 workmen went on strike in St. Petersburg yesterday (says a Reuter message), and 134 of them were arrested for singing revolutionary songs.

Tapping the Atmosphere.

A concession for the use of 1,000,000-h.p. water-power at Grand Falls, Labrador, says Reuter, has been granted for the generation of electricity, which will be used to extract nitrogen from the atmosphere for use as a fertiliser.

What Every Woman Forgets

(Continued from page 12.)

was accompanied by Chief Inspector Slew. Sir Melton Mowbray left again shortly after midnight; but Mr. Slew had not left Garth Mansions at two o'clock this morning.

Mr. Slew, of the Criminal Investigation Department, who was reckoned the handsomest and best-dressed man at "the Yard," had won himself a big reputation. Sometimes he was spoken of as "Gentleman Slew." Others, however, of the criminal fraternity were not so complimentary. To them he was "Brute Slew" or "Tricky Slew"—plus supplementary, and frequently sanguinary, epithets.

Fritz Kavanagh was familiar with Slew's name and reputation. The fact that Sir Melton Mowbray had personally visited the scene of the crime argued an importance attached to the mystery hardly suggested by the superficial newspaper report.

But Kavanagh, thanks to Reggie Lombard's confession of the previous night, was in a position to read between the lines. Mr. John Smith had probably been blackmailing, or attempting to blackmail, others besides the unhappy Reggie. In the light of Kavanagh's inner knowledge the evidence of a hurried search in the sitting-room assumed a definite significance.

But Kavanagh, pausing for a moment to analyse, wondered whether any man or woman of ordinary nerve-fibres would have risked a search after having fired a death-shot in a building let out in flats. It occurred to him that the crime was much more likely to have been the outcome of Mr. Smith having discovered someone in the act of making a hurried search.

Reggie Lombard, his dress overcoat over pyjamas borrowed from Kavanagh, watched Kavanagh read the account with a desperate and rather pathetic eagerness. He had an exaggerated belief in Kavanagh's all-round ability.

The boy was full of physical pluck and daring, equal to leading a forlorn hope joyously, and winning a V.C. If the chance ever came his way; but he was not so strong morally, and his character was not yet fully formed.

Since a woman had fooled, fleeced and compromised him, Reggie had acquired a kind of personal conscience in the shape of a charming girl, with sunshine hair and eyes wherein a little, provocative twinkle lurked. It is not uncommon for men to acquire such a personal feminine conscience. It has proved many a man's salvation. "Who's got hold of those letters now?" had been relative to this human conscience of his, and in a secondary kind of way to the Dea nol Larchester—uncle Stephen—who had been so human, and so awfully good to him when he was in the dickens of a money-mess at Oxford.

But Kavanagh had a big urgent problem of his own, as well as being burdened with Reggie's troubles. Even while reading the account of the mystery he had not been detached from it. The mystery itself had a possible association with his own dilemma, or, at least, with one of the characters figuring in it.

Mr. Smith, according to Reggie, was otherwise De Castro, or posing as De Castro, husband of Mrs. De Castro, of The Nook, Datcham-on-Thames, formerly Buona Ayres, of the Granada, and the revue "What's Yours?" There was no doubt whatever in Kavanagh's mind that Mrs. De Castro was the "Aimée" of the letter that he had carried away, wearing Cloan's overcoat by mistake, and which was now locked up with "Rajah" Cloan's squat automatic pistol for grim company.

Was Cloan among the blackmailers?

Then the telephone buzzed.

(To be continued.)

MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT ILL.

The Marchioness of Headfort, who before her marriage was Miss Rosie Boote, the famous actress, is seriously ill at her residence in Slane, Co. Meath.

ILFORD PLATES & PAPERS FOR FINE-ART PHOTOGRAPHY.

Of all Dealers.

ILFORD, Ltd., Ilford, London, E.

The Chancellor's Visit to Glasgow.

Mr. Lloyd George's visit to Glasgow has been postponed from next Wednesday to Wednesday, February 4.

Two Men "Gassed."

Two men were "gassed" at Messrs. Pease and Partners' ironworks at Tees, near Middlesbrough, yesterday, being dead when found.

The Princess's Escape.

Over 400 upsets took place on the first day of the competition for the Ragtime Cup on the Cresta Run, states a St. Moritz telegram, the Princess of Hohenlohe escaping with nothing worse than a shing.

\$7,000 Stolen—Employee Missing.

A registered letter, containing \$7,000, has been stolen from a firm at Breda (says a Central News Amsterdam message), and the police are searching for an employee who is believed to have fled to England.

"DAILY MIRROR" BEAUTIES.—No. 77.



Do you recognise this lady? If so, please note that prizes of £10 and 100 books will be awarded to those sending in the most complete lists of the names of the originals, with the best summary of their merits, at the end of the twenty-six weeks during which the pictures are appearing.—(Bassano.)

STOCKS AND SHARES.

An Attempt to "Boom" South Africans and a Warning.

9, BISHOPSGATE, E.C.

While investment buying still remains the chief feature in the Stock Exchange, the speculative element is not entirely lacking. Investment business, of course, is all very well in its way, but the public is always ready to take a hand in a good old gamble, providing the professionals can make their wares look attractive enough.

In this connection there has been a strong rise in South African gold shares during the past few days—so far almost entirely due to buying by the professionals. The satisfactory settlement of the recent strike has, of course, provided an excellent opportunity for dealers to "boom" prices, but the public will be well advised to look before they leap.

For instance, attention should be paid to the estimate given by the Transvaal Chamber of Mines as to the life of the Rand. From this it appears that the present rate of production will be maintained for only five years, after which there will be a decrease until seventeen years later production will be reduced to half that of the present time.

With such a state of affairs in view, a "boom" in these old favourites scarcely seems justified, but the professionals are evidently determined to give the market a "run," and it is up to the public to resist the temptation to join in. Or if they must gamble they should make a careful selection of do offer good prospects.

There was no change in newspaper prices, Amalgamated Press Ordinary and Preference remaining at 5s. and 2s. 3d. respectively, Associated Ordinary and Preference at 2s. 3d. and 20s. 6d., and Pictorial Ordinary and Preference at 2s. 6d. and 18s. 3d.

£100 FOR STUDENT'S BURNED LEGS

Alleging that by negligence he was badly burned on the legs by a hot-water bottle placed in his bed, Mr. Walter Chiley, a student of music and dancing, of Sydenham, was yesterday awarded £100 damages against Dr. Anthony Bradford, of Cavendish-square.

The plaintiff was an inmate of Dr. Bradford's nursing home for an operation, and by the placing of a hot-water bottle in his bed, he said, he was badly burned and his illness prolonged. Dr. Bradford denied negligence and responsibility.

It is expected that the riveters employed at the naval construction works of Messrs. W. Beardmore and Company, Dalnair, who struck on Thursday, will resume work on Monday.

Health, Strength & Beauty

Can only be preserved up to old age by a rational mode of life, suitable nourishment, and plenty of exercise in fresh air. A great deal depends upon the nourishment. "The full blessing of health cannot be obtained

by means of

medicine and miracles, but only by proper food which invigorates the body and rejuvenates it daily." These are the words of a well-known German Doctor and Professor. To absolutely ensure physical fitness, you must take

Biomalz

(Biomalt)

the well-known nutrient.

It is a palatable, inexpensive Tonic Food of proved value, highly appreciated all the world over. It strengthens the body wonderfully. Limp, flabby features disappear, the colour of the face becomes fresher and healthier, the complexion clearer. In the case of persons who have become anemic, pale, and thin through malnutrition, the appetite improves to a gratifying degree.

This Food will be found better than any medicine or tonic by those run down from overwork, illness or nervous troubles, also for elderly people, women encephalic, nursing mothers, and anemic children.

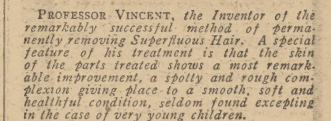
Small and large tins at 1s. 3d. and 2s. 3d. respectively to be obtained from all Chemists and Druggists.



You can Remove that Hair from your Face

A GOOD FREE SUPPLY.

The treatment is pleasant to use, positively harmless, and the skin of the face is improved in every way by its use. All kinds of facial blemishes disappear at the same time as the superfluous hair is destroyed.



Commencing his career with a long course of medical training, Professor Vincent became a Hair Specialist, making a study of that subject for many years, and the treatment which he now places within the reach of all is the culmination of his unceasing efforts to serve womankind during a long and successful practice.

Very many are the letters of gratitude which Professor Vincent receives at his office daily from ladies who have been cured by his treatment, and the following is a fair specimen of these letters:—

Dear Sir,—The way your treatment acted is simply astonishing. Although I have tried every advertised remedy, I have never found anything that would remove the hair from my face without at the same time removing parts of the skin, and even then the hair always grew again worse than ever. My skin became rough and blotchy, and the hair grew stronger. One day I sent for your treatment, and from the very first the hair began to weaken, and the skin quickly showed a very marked improvement in its condition. I persevered, and in about a week there was not a trace of the hair to be seen. After an interval of six months there is not the slightest sign of the hair growing again on my face or arms, and my skin is now as soft and free from defects as any could possibly wish.—Yours, etc.,

MARY MCKENZIE.

PROFESSOR VINCENT'S final word to ladies suffering from Superfluous Hair is as follows:—
 "I hope you will not make the mistake of classing my treatment with the others which you have tried without success. *I positively guarantee to cure your superfluous hair and the down on your face that threatens to turn into a coarser growth without discomfort or injury to the skin, and I undertake that it will never grow again.*"

Please send me your name and address, which should be written very distinctly, and say whether you are Mrs. or Miss. Also enclose 3d. in stamps towards the cost of posting and packing the parcel. Foreign and Colonial correspondents must please send money order for 1s.

Address your letter to J. A. VINCENT, 62, Watford House, 22, Newman Street, London, W.—(Advt.)

quickly, if the report circulated from Paris yesterday is correct, that he was beaten in a catch-as-catch-can wrestling match by Marcussar, a German wrestler. The bout is said to have lasted 22½ m.

ful in the toss, but put his opponents in to bat first on an excellent wicket. The M.C.C. made a splendid start, and at the close the score stood at 311 for two wickets.—Reuter.

and will most likely lose. The bottom club, Watford, entertain Millwall, and it will be a good performance if the

FOUR GENERATIONS

PRAISE ZAM-BUK.

Great-Grandmother, aged 100; Son, aged 73;
Grand-daughter, aged 52; & Great-Grand-daughter, aged 18.

A WONDERFUL TESTIMONIAL.

A UNIQUE and powerful illustration of Zam-Buk's curative powers has just come to light. Living under one roof at the old-world village of Little Chesterford, in Essex, are four generations of one family—Mrs. Rebecca Law, now in her 101st year; her grey-headed son, Mr. Thomas Law, aged 73; her grand-daughter, Mrs. William Carter, aged 52; and her great-grand-daughter, Miss Grace E. Carter, aged 18.

Mr. Thomas Law, the aged but active son, made the following statement to a Pressman last week:—

CENTENARIAN'S SKIN HEALED.

"Mrs. Rebecca Law, my mother, has used Zam-Buk, and finds it a wonderful healer. Her hips get sore through lying in bed so much, and nothing soothes and eases the inflamed skin like Zam-Buk.

"One day my mother fell and scraped her right arm badly against a chair. My daughter at once used Zam-Buk—we always keep it handy—and this rare balm soothed and healed the sore arm with new skin.

SON'S SEVERE WOUND.

"I have used Zam-Buk myself. Whilst cutting trees with a chopper I took a piece clean out of my left forefinger. When I got home my daughter covered the wound with Zam-Buk. This soothed the pain and took away the inflammation. Regular dressings with Zam-Buk healed the finger splendidly.

"I used to be troubled a lot with piles. I used Zam-Buk and found it very soothing. It gave me great relief."



GRAND-DAUGHTER'S BURNS.

Next the old lady's grand-daughter, Mrs. William Carter, whose husband is the Parish Clerk at St. Mary's, Little Chesterford, said:—

"I have used Zam-Buk for a long time. I used to suffer from piles, but Zam-Buk completely cured me. Once I burnt my right wrist against the firebars. The skin blistered. Zam-Buk, however, soon relieved the pain and healed my arm.

"I suffer from sore hands, particularly after washing. Nothing does them so much good as Zam-Buk, which is really very soothing and healing."

Testimony from the fourth generation was given by Miss Grace E. Carter, great-grand-daughter of Mrs. Law, who said:—

"My hands, like mother's, get chapped and sore, and I never use anything for them but Zam-Buk."

EVERY HOME NEEDS ZAM-BUK.

This testimonial from four living generations constitutes unique proof of the superiority of Zam-Buk. Never before has the world seen so remarkable a healer or so indispensable a household balm.

Zam-Buk owes its superiority, excellence and uniqueness to its rare herbal composition and its freedom from lard and rancid animal fats found in common ointments.

There is no questioning the benefits from a box of Zam-Buk. It is a wise and necessary provision for every home, whether you have the fear of any eczema, ringworm, piles, or skin disease in your family, or whether it is only the need of properly treating cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, sprains and other trying mishaps.

For people with delicate and sensitive skins or who are subject to eczema and similar complaints, Zam-Buk MEDICINAL Soap should be used in preference to ordinary toilet soaps, which under these conditions sometimes prove very harmful. Sold in large 1½-ounce and 3-ounce tins.

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Zam-Buk

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1914

One Halfpenny.

FUNERAL OF COMMANDER HAMILTON-GORDON AT PLYMOUTH.



Thousands of people watched the funeral procession of Commander Douglas W. Hamilton-Gordon, which took place at Plymouth yesterday. The late officer, who was a cousin of the Earl of Aberdeen, was found dead in his cabin on H.M.S. Thrasher. He had been engaged in the salvage work of submarine A 7 on the previous

day, when, it is thought, he contracted a chill. (1) Bluejackets drawing the gun carriage, on which was the coffin. (2) Pipers in the procession. (3) Naval men carrying wreaths. (4) Entering the cemetery gates. (5) Leaving the Naval Hospital.—(Daily Mirror and Topical.)